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ENGLAND AND THE CZAR

Memoirs of Sir George Buchanan Answer the Charges of Russian Refugees

MY MISSION TO RUSSIA AND OTHER DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES. By the Right Hon. Sir George Buchanan, G. C. B., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., British Ambassador, Petrograd, 1910-1918. With maps and illustrations. In two volumes, pp. 326 and 280. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

UNLIKE Sir Rennell Rodd, whose diplomatic experiences almost parallel those of Sir George Buchanan, in character and nature if not in identity, the latter offers no apology for the old diplomacy of which he was an important exponent, implies no censure of the new. There is no necessity for a foreword of this nature, since the book itself forms an interesting link between the old and the new, and in it evolution takes the place of abrupt transition.

Moreover, while Sir Rennell's diplomatic autobiography treats of the international episodes of diplomacy as just so many incidents in his career, Sir George is careful to draw a distinction between what is personal and what is official. With the former he rivals his colleague in charm and intimacy; with the latter he writes with all the formality of a servant of royalty and a trusted and valued agent of Downing Street. Between what is personal and social, anecdotal and gossipy, and what is manifestly official in its political importance, the line of demarkation is carefully drawn.

It is natural, even necessary, that this should be so, for quite four-fifths of his first volume and nearly the whole of his second concern themselves with his ambassadorship to Russia between the years 1910 and 1918, although from the purely autobiographic point of view that period would hardly be entitled to such generous space. In his preface he writes of his Petrograd mission:

> My work in treating of this period has been facilitated by the permission, kindly given me by Sir Eyre Crowe, to consult my official correspondence in the archives of the Foreign Office; and by the valuable assistance which the librarian, Mr. Gaselee, was so good as to lend me in the matter.

Probably these words connote much more than their literal import, and the author hastily adds:

> If I have given this book the form of memoirs, and have said much more about myself than I had originally intended, the responsibility lies with that great master critic, my friend, Edmund Gosse.

Hence we may be forgiven the suspicion that Downing Street, deeming it necessary to have an apologist in regard to its ante-bellum and bellum relations with Russia, turned to Sir George Buchanan and his contemplated diplomatic memoirs.

For neither in facts, substance nor implication is there anything sensational in these obviously official parts of the book, and students who are familiar with the White and Orange Papers and the Blue Books dealing with the episodes will find little that is new in them. The author, taking the high lights of diplomatic correspondence and conversations, has succeeded in popularizing them. That is all. And this popularization is greatly enhanced by the personal note advised by Edmund Gosse. The British case may thus be read in an entertaining manner by him who runs. Some readers may seriously regret the intervention of Downing Street. Rightly or wrongly, they will believe that the autobiography of an interesting diplomat has thus been officially foresborigned to meet the exigencies of imperial interests.

George William Buchanan may be said to have been born in diplomacy and under royal auspices. He first saw the light at the legation of Copenhagen, Nov. 25, 1854, where his father was then Minister. This father, who had begun his career at Constantinople, under the great Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, enjoyed by this connection the favor of Queen Victoria. After a short term as clerk at the Foreign Office in 1876, the young man went to Vienna as attaché, where his father's career as Ambassador was then drawing to a close. He is charmed by the social life at the Austrian capital, by the "Gemüthlichkeit," for which, he says, the English language presents no equivalent. In 1878 he returned to the Foreign Office and was then sent out as Third Secretary of the embassy at Rome, under "the kindest of chiefs, Sir Augustus Paget." Rome at that period was a very gay place, "in spite of the division of its society into Blacks and Whites."

The great palaces of the aristocracy, most of which are now closed, were then the scene of constant entertainments, more especially during the ten days immediately preceding Lent, when the carnival was celebrated—society danced and feasted every night, while in the afternoon King Carnival, who has long since died a natural death, made merry in the Corso.

Next, in 1879, he goes as Second Secretary to Tokio, via New York, where he falls a victim to the charms of American girls and becomes engaged to one of them—for twenty-four hours:

> My prospective father-in-law, whom I had never seen till I was ushered into his bedroom, where he was laid up with a bad attack of gout, told me, on my asking for his blessing, that he had no use for me as a son-in-law. He added, however, that I would live to thank him—and I have.

The extracts from the diary he kept of these days in America are not without their intriguing attraction.

> "Cursed by the burden of an answered prayer," he spent 1901-1903 at the Berlin Embassy,

As agent and Consul General at Sofia, 1904-1906, he saw Bulgaria in the making and the Balkans preparing for the events of 1912-1913—but then divided between the opposing forces of Russian and Austrian diplomacy which found expression in the worst intrigues which ever characterized the old school. The great events there, however, he was to witness from Petrograd, where he was sent as Ambassador in 1910. His flight from the Bolshevist-stricken Russia through Finland in 1918 was the subject of long cable dispatches at the time. Then came his two-year embassy at Rome and his retirement in 1922—the end of a career as distinguished as it was romantic, honorable and rewarded with various decorations and orders, and full of memories of great and little men and women and of events which were to become historic.

From 1892 until 1900 he had incidentally spent as Chargé d'Affaires at some of the small German Courts. In these pages, like ghosts of the vanished kingdoms of which they were once the very material symbols, the Kaiserlich potentates flit before the gaze in all the panoply of their military trappings and bad manners. At Darmstadt, whose Grand Duke and Duchess were the grandchildren of Queen Victoria, her Majesty had asked the rising diplomat to report as to the alleged marital differences of the monarchs. As history knows, these differences ended in disaster, and quite cured her Britannic Majesty of the fascinating feminine sport of match-making for all time. "I got up that marriage," she told our author, "I will never try to marry any one again."

While at Darmstadt the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII., had asked him to represent him at a christening at the schloss of the Landgraf of Hesse. So he repaired thither:

> After luncheon the Landgraf engaged me in conversation and finally asked me whether I liked shooting. On my replying in the affirmative he said: "Then come and shoot pheasants here in December," without, however, fixing any particular day. As it happened, I had already arranged to go home on leave at the end of November, and I was trying to explain this, with many expressions of my regret, when he turned his back on me, saying: "You may go to h——." I was naturally somewhat taken aback, and as I saw a gentleman standing near me, whom I took for his equerry, I went up to him in order to explain and expostulate. As bad luck would have it, not only was this gentleman not his equerry, but he was also the one person out of the whole company to whom, by some oversight, I had not been presented. After looking me up and down, he interrupted my explanations by frigidly remarking: "Sir, in Germany it is customary that a gentleman does not speak to another gentleman without first being presented to him by a third gentleman." He then also turned his back on me. I was quite dumfounded by this lesson in German manners, when the Princess's lady in waiting came up to me and said:
>
> "Mr. Buchanan, I have by chance overheard what passed in both your conversations, and all that I can say is that I am ashamed of my countrymen." The Princess afterward sent for me and apologized in the most charming way for what had happened.

But episodes like this only serve to form a contrast to his conversation with Empress Frederick, when Victoria's daughter insisted that Longfellow had written "The Ancient Mariner," or the one with Roosevelt, in which the ex-President, then fresh from big-game killing in Africa, declaimed Swinburne's "Dolores" and observed: "What young man has not.

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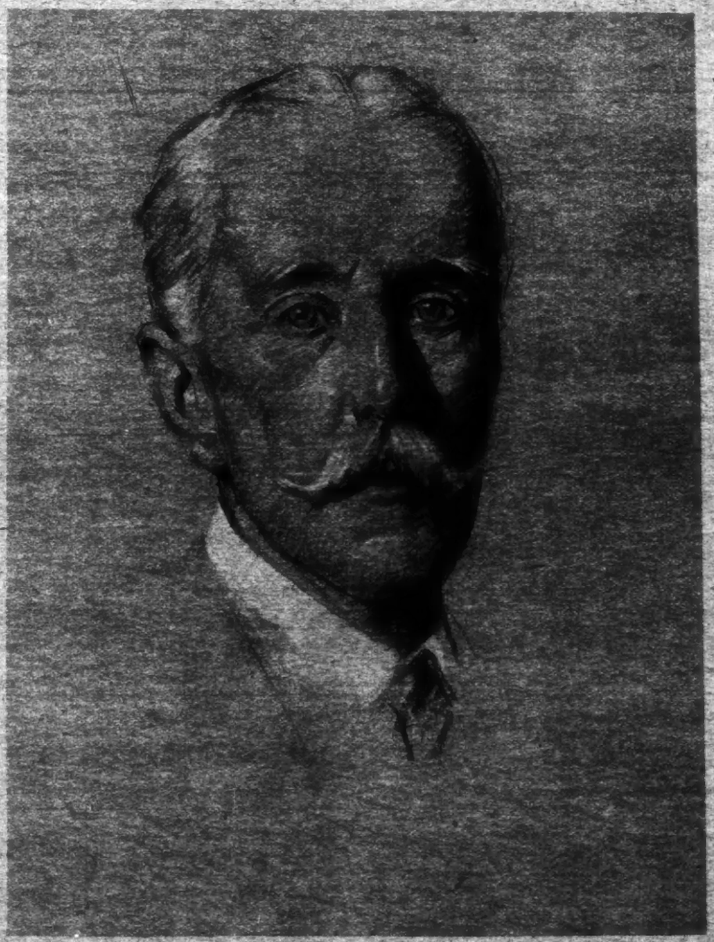
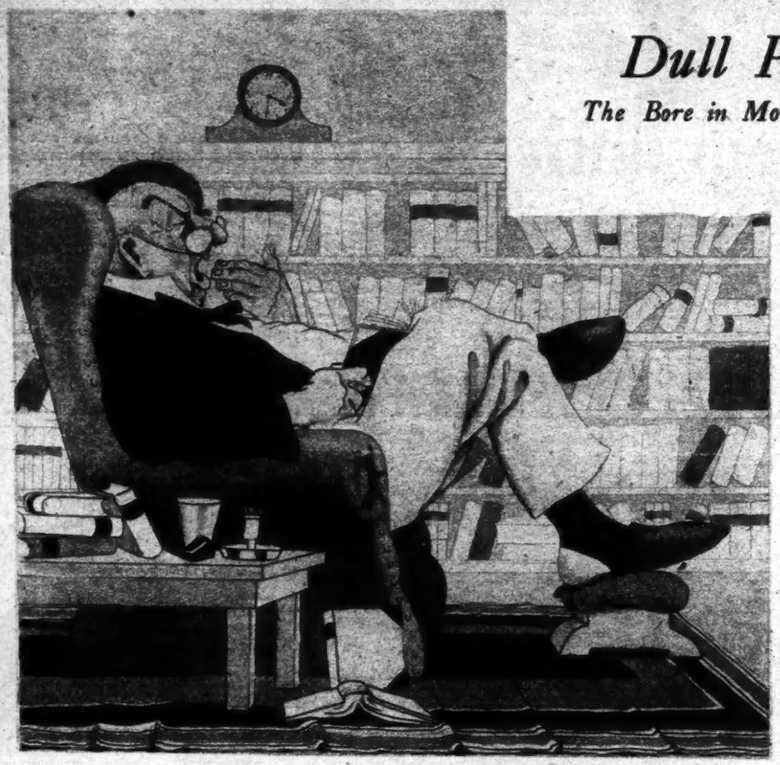


Sir George Buchanan.

Drawn by S. J. Woolf.

Dull People in Dull Books

The Bore in Modern Fiction From the Reader's Standpoint



"A novelist has no right to put a bore into a book, if the bore really bores the reader."

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE tendency of the new school of writers of fiction in English is to assume that the New Heavens and the New Earth have taken the place of the old and effete phases of evolution. After all, the various French schools of literary men who came into being with the anti-classical revolt of Victor Hugo did not dream of declaring that everything written before their time was bad and dusty and out of date.

The most famous of a later school—now passing—Anatole France, did declare that Racine was immoral, but he was not willing to wipe out Racine and Corneille and Chateaubriand and Merimée because they lived at an earlier time. Our young people—some of whom are in the springtime of middle age—will hear no good of Thackeray or Dickens or Trollope. As for George Eliott, she is anathema! As for Hawthorne, and most of all Longfellow, the more cultured of the ignorant look on them as they regard the works of Harold Bell Wright and Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter.

The French schools of novelists have, at least, a philosophy of life. One could easily trace, not only the effect of a philosophy, but of national circumstances in their work. There was the delight in life, and all that was joyous in life, in Victor Hugo and Dumas the elder. Even when they were terrible, the terror was blackened by the contrast with the joy of living.

After 1870 a deep depression began. Faith disappeared—faith in God and in life. Darwin, badly understood, beguiled Zola and Maupassant. And then under the influence of Bergson's philosophy, the soul began to take its place in French letters, and now we see a renascence of hope and imagination. There is hardly a French writer of any importance whose principal books one cannot read twice. In spite of the insolence, the sensuality, the materialism and the despair of life of Anatole France, one may reread even the utterly irreverent "Révolte des Anges" because of the charm which the author possesses of giving life to any figure he chooses to paint, although in his earlier attempts to imitate Charles Dickens he was an utter failure; his characters are born dead.

As an inveterate novel reader I cannot hold a brief for any school of fiction. Any good novel is good enough for me; and I have tried to analyze the reason why a large number of my countrymen never read a new novel more than once; and I have come to the conclusion that most modern novels produced in the United States are written without charm about stupid people; and I may add, although it may seem to be discourteous to our friends across the sea, that their newer authors are rarely read a second time. The earlier works of Arnold Bennett are notable exceptions to this rule and those of Eden Phillpotts are even greater exceptions.

And yet persons of taste or of imagination or of humor never grow tired of Miss Austen, whose novels contain perhaps more utterly stupid folk than can be found anywhere one. One of Dickens's most notable failures in the attempt to make stupid people interesting was in the case of the Veneerings. One can pick out a handful of figures in his long list of novels which have missed the magic touch, in "Dombey and Son," for example, and yet it is not often that the magic touch fails.

Let us take Mrs. Bennet in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," a more stupid and uninteresting woman probably never existed. You would flee from her in real life, where she exists by the thousands; but when you read "Pride and Prejudice" you find her delightful; you would not cut out a single speech of hers, for Miss Austen begins by contrasting her stupidity with her husband's humor.

Sir Thomas More married a very stupid woman and Talleyrand another, who was even too stupid to be respectable; and the society of every city in the world holds men whose wives are as narrow as Miss Austen's Mrs. Bennet, and the wives with stupid husbands. It is only the perfect hostess who can invite these men and women to dinner and force some sparkle out of the occasion. Our modern novelists commit, as a rule, the fault of presenting us to stupid people of dead weight in order that a story may be told in a subdued and colorless manner. Any chance of being amusing must be carefully avoided. Another fault, too, is that the majority of our modern writers seem to think that an expenditure of mental elbow-grease can make a very ordinary person catch the heart and interest of the reader.

For example, you do not find a cleverer author in England today than Stephen McKenna, except W. B. Maxwell or Sheila Kaye-Smith or Hugh Walpole, and yet take his "Sonia Married." Compare, for example, Sonia with Beatrix Esmond; it is all very well to say that times and manners are different. That is of no importance at all. Women never change essentially. Beatrix is as unmoral and faithless as Sonia—but she is not so stupid. Beatrix is a real woman, while Sonia is a common female butterfly, illuminated rarely by a flash of Mr. McKenna's talent. There is one great passage in "Sonia Married"—that of the fight of Stornaway and Beresford with Grayle. As an example of that stupidity which is bound to a slavish determination to interfere in other people's business, the narrator of the story, Stornaway himself, is a terrible example.

One cannot conceive it possible for any male reader of "Henry Esmond" not to be in love with Beatrix, or not to be fascinated with her when she appears late in life as the Baroness Bernstein, and yet those of us who have known old ladies of the type of the Baroness know that they require a certain magic touch to make them brilliant.

Now, Alice Brown's old women are touched by this magic. Her specialty lies in picturing old women who would probably be dreadful bores in real life. But we can explore real life for ourselves; we all have had maiden aunts or even step-aunts and some of us have had step-grandmothers. Alice Brown—you recall, of course, her "Prisoners" and "Paradise"—makes a specialty of old age. You may yawn over the younger people in her novels; but you must brighten up when the old ladies appear.

It is natural enough that Archibald Marshall should fill his books with stupid people. The English of the type that he describes have long made a specialty of stupidity. It is their métier. Their well-regulated lives are pillows for languid minds whose mental food is made up of conventionalities and traditions; there is not in fiction a more stupid man than his Squire Clinton.

You are wrapped as in the pleasant steam of the best Ceylon tea when you enter the portal of Mr. Marshall's world. You do not want to breathe the ordinary air. Even his children are stupid children, doing the things that the ordinary child does in Mr. Marshall's own way, and yet you like them, and you like to be with them. How dull Mr. Marshall's backgrounds are compared with Mr. Stephen McKenna's! Yet, in the hands of Mr. Marshall, Stornaway, the silly narrator of the tale of "Sonia Married," would have endeared himself to us—without being the less stupid.

Mr. McKenna seems to think that Stornaway is manly and clever; but the inveterate novel reader does not care a blank what the author thinks; he wants a good story, and, provided he gets a good story, he does not care very much who the author is.

There is one crime that the inveterate novel reader will not forgive, and he is right in not forgiving it. This is the failure of a writer to make ordinary people interesting. Jane Austen's novels overflow with stupid people, and yet we would not give up one of them at any price. A novelist has no right to put a bore into a book, if the bore really bores the reader. We want a kind of glamour, and it is the business of the writers whom we pay to furnish that glamour. We are not artists; we do not pretend to be. We know that there is an exquisite art in the novels that delight us, and we are grateful for the art; but we do not care to buy a novel in order to analyze an art which merely produces a subdued effect—nuances—soft-

Archibald Marshall.

fleeting shadows and undeterminate illusions in our minds.

Basil King can write. The inveterate novel reader formerly bought a "Basil King" because he thought he knew that he was getting something filling and satisfying, with a touch of humor like the "Inner Shrine." But he goes warily since he has read "The Dust Flower," which is an impossible story. One does not object to an impossible story if it is plainly marked "impossible," like Austen's "Vice Versa." In "The Dust Flower" Letty, the child of the slums, the daughter of derision, the lily among artificial roses, is as stupid as any heroine that ever existed. She is really a child of the movies, and not a child of the agile and alert slums at all.

As for the hero, Rashleigh Allerton, he is drunk all the time, and the faithless author tries to conceal his condition from us by pretending that he is merely an amiable idiot. Here you have a charm of style, you have a butler and some servants who might have been done by Dickens, who are inimitable, but a hero and a heroine whose stupidity entirely ruins one's interest in a well-told narrative.

What is wrong about these authors? Do they feel that it is their duty to give us life as it actually is? If they do, they are entirely too scrupulous and too conscientious. In the first place, no author has ever done it; if he did, he would produce a novel of great patches of dullness which would be unbearable. What we inveterate novel readers want is life as it is telescoped into life as it might be if life were always amusing, interesting and pathetic—of a pathos which does not mean sorrow to us.

Tragedy is always enjoyable and impressive when our hearts are not torn by it. One is exalted by Hamlet or King Lear, but, one does not want to be Hamlet or King Lear. Does anybody imagine that Audrey and Touchstone were not as intensely stupid as the ordinary Warwickshire peasant? Or that Thomas Hardy's country folk did not need a good deal of "touching up"? And would anybody have read Bret Harte's stories of miners, if the actual miners had been put alive into the stories? The sun does not come up like thunder on the road to Mandalay, and there is some doubt about the flying fishes, but who cares! We can see the sun coming up like thunder, whether it comes up or not, and the flying fishes must be there.

When one secures a novel by Ernest Poole, one of course intends to skip the preaching and to pay no attention to the thesis. Why the novelist cannot leave preaching and teaching to the theologian and the pedagogue the inveterate novel reader cannot understand. He does not in the least care what Mr. Poole thinks of socialism or the life to come, or what Mr. Poole thinks of anything; but what he wants is the character drawing and the blazing chunks of description he found in "The Harbour," which really put the heights of Brooklyn on the map. One picks up his "Danger," and one finds a bald story of two rather insane persons surrounded by characters who might pass in a short magazine story, where their stupidity could be compressed so that one could indulge in one good yawn at the end. We have some hopes of Miss Tillinghast, the elderly Quaker lady, but Mr. Poole disappoints us. He tells us over and over again that she is very large; in fact, she is huge. She is good and sympathetic but she is tiresome all the same.

Mr. Poole might have sacrificed some of her hugeness and made her amusing and interesting. It is evident that he has not learned, with all his talents, the art of making fat people interesting, but we do not know that Miss Tillinghast was fat, we only know that she was "huge." Now, a touch of that magic which every author ought to keep on his palette would have made Miss Tillinghast a personage whose sayings might be quoted and who might have attracted the reader a second time to "Danger."

This inveterate reader has been trying to discover what modern novels he can read a second time. Romances like "The White Company," which one forgets easily, can be taken up with a certain gusto; but why is it that there is no modern romance—not excepting "The Prisoner of Zenda" or "The Scarlet Pimpernel" or the whole group of "petty kingdom" stories—that has the perennial fascination of Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"?

It is even hard work to get through "Salammbo," in spite of a scrupulous technique, unless one reads it for the style alone. In spite of the scrupulosity of styles, one can read George Meredith's "Richard Feverel" at least every three years.

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The Lost Art of Letter Writing

With Contributory Remarks Touching on Longhand and the Typewriter, by George Bernard Shaw

EDWARD BOK has related that once, some few years ago, being anxious to see how college graduates acquitted themselves as letter writers, he wrote to the graduates of the year of six of the leading women's colleges in the country asking them what, in their opinion, were the advantages that they had derived from a college education. The ability to write a good letter was, Mr. Bok considered, a fundamental of education, and the replies of the college graduates were solicited not so much for the purpose of learning the views of these young women as of obtaining evidence of their powers in the art of letter writing.

The first hundred replies received were handed over to a highly qualified teacher of English to grade according to merit, the passing mark to be the high school standard of 70. Three letters only were graded 90 to 100; 17 were graded 80 to 90; 45 were graded 70 to 80; 35 were below the 70 mark, while not one single letter was wholly correct.

In addition to bad spelling, incorrect punctuation and a most lamentable absence of "style," the writers, in a large proportion of cases, exhibited a complete inability to express their meaning in written words. Here, for example, is the opening sentence of one such letter:

> Newton to me, is the one college, because of its Presidents, the many men on the Faculty, the intimate relations into which we come with the Faculty, &c.

Small wonder that the question intruded if indeed the writer had quite so pronounced a taste for male society as her letter would lead one to believe!

And here is another, the punctuation and setting-out being reproduced as written:

> I send you a reply but do not know whether it be what you want or not.
> College has done for me
> 1. Physically—not sick so much—
> 2. Socially—much the same
> 3. Intellectually—Here, oh here is the change—I have been led to view the particular in the light of the universal and thus have gained joy forevermore.

The sentiments of these letters, had their writers only been able to express them, would no doubt be found to be both beautiful and inspiring; but judged merely as letters, they are ignoble. Evidently, the young ladies were not in agreement with Voltaire's dictum on the art of writing that "everything that is not equally clear, chaste and simple is worth absolutely nothing!"; but at least their letters, coming, as they did, from two finished products of the higher education, served to demonstrate that singular deterioration in the art of letter writing which is admitted so frequently and explained so seldom.

For if the ability to write a correct and graceful letter be the irreducible minimum of a mark of good education, how comes it that in these days of compulsory education the graduates of the most famous women's colleges in the country pen letters that would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the supposedly ignorant young women of early Victorian days? (It may be well to state that Mr. Bok set a similar test for the graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Wisconsin and California Universities; and, although the men graduates did somewhat better than the women, the results were not such as to puff them with pride, for, while 45 letters attained the 90 to 100 mark, 59 fell below the 70 level.) It is indeed strange that we should have to turn to the unenlightened seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and not to our own, with its compulsory doses of education, administered free and to the accompaniment of loud bellows of popular approval, if we wish to find perfect examples of an art that should easily be within the range of all really educated men and women.

What are the causes of this decline? The use of the telegraph, the telephone and the postal card, and the wide circulation of newspapers have all been held responsible. But, while these beneficent gifts of our civilization might possibly explain any decline in the quantity of letters, if such a decline has taken place, they certainly cannot be held accountable for the deterioration of their quality; and it is the quality of letters which is at this moment under consideration.

The typewriter, then? Has the widespread use of the writing machine contributed to any falling off in the style of modern writing? Replies to this question have been received from several prominent writers and make interesting reading.

Mr. Benard Shaw answered in longhand (a neat, meek-looking little hand, in strange contrast to the devastating utterances of that great iconoclast) written on the margin and between the lines of the letter of inquiry from the present writer, the questions and replies running as follows:

> "Do you write in longhand or direct with the typewriter?" "I write in shorthand and hand it over for transcription on the typewriter."
>
> "Do you consider that the use of the typewriter has contributed to a deterioration of literary style?" "Rubbish! I have written not less than a million words for publication directly with a typewriter. When an author's style deteriorates, the remedy is not longhand, but prohibition. G. Bernard Shaw, 11-7-23."

Mr. Booth Tarkington's typewritten answer was the following:

> "Replying to your letter, as to question No. 1, I write in longhand.
>
> "No. 2—I haven't any idea how to answer and greatly regret to be so inadequate in helping you to solve this problem."

Hugh Walpole's secretary replied that this novelist wrote all his novels in longhand, and that he considers that the direct use of the typewriter may very probably have a bad effect on literary style. Arnold Bennett's secretary wrote saying that Mr. Bennett was at present on a yachting cruise, and that she was therefore unable to obtain his opinion concerning the effect of the typewriter on literary style, but that he wrote all his novels and plays in longhand.

On the other hand, we have seen from innumerable photographs published in the magazines that Sinclair Lewis writes his novels direct with the typewriter. Evidently he, at least, does not find that the machine detracts—no, not from the beauty or harmony, for it has neither, but from the efficiency of his prose.

Robert Underwood Johnson, a former editor in chief of the Century Magazine, writes as follows on the subject of letter writing and modern literary style:

> I haven't been an editor for ten years and cannot give an opinion as to the effect of the typewriter on the quality of correspondence—at least, an opinion down to date. In general, I should say that any change for the worse is due to lack of time and variation of mood rather than to the failure to "take my pen in hand to wish you the same great blessing." Intellectual persons still express themselves intellectually to their intimate friends, but not so frequently in correspondence. I have friends whose every letter is a delight by reason of the charm of the expression. Perhaps we are a little more self-conscious than we used to be and prefer fatigue dress to anything like dress parade. Moreover, one does not dictate to one's stenographer as freely the sentiments of friendship or the intimate interchange of opinion. Recently in writing my memoirs I have gone over my correspondence of many years. Two things I remark of the oldest letters, written by hand—their personal charm and their lack of public interest, except in a few instances.

While these authors have not in any case made a direct accusation against the typewriter, the fact remains that three of them prefer the long and arduous method of longhand writing to the quick and easy method of typing. And this preference, as is well known, is shared by scores of lesser authors who declare themselves to be unable to compose as smoothly with machinery as with handwork. The typewriter operates with speed, efficiency and precision; but can it be that in some strange and indirect fashion it shares in the great failure of all other machinery—the power to produce anything which possesses beauty and individuality? A writer sitting before a typewriter and unable to produce a higher speed than that of his own longhand looks and feels a fool; consequently, the use of the machine impels, whether consciously or unconsciously, a hurried action, and hurried workmanship is almost never supreme workmanship.

There are, of course, other, if lesser, causes contributing to the general decline in the art of letter writing, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, in mentioning the stenographer has probably pointed to the most important. The average stenographer only feels really safe so long as she is required to transcribe nothing beyond the cut-and-dried formulas to which routine correspondence has accustomed her. Any dictation that reflects marked individuality of composition, that contains phrases of an unusual turn or words of more than three syllables is deep water.

Again, letters are a substitute for conversation; they reflect on paper the spoken phraseology of current use and faithfully reproduce the color and variety, or lack of them, of the environment in which the writer lives. Apart from and in addition to her extraordinary grace and vivacity style, Mme. de Sévigné's letters are interesting because she wrote of singularly interesting people. Hers was a day of intense individuality, and she herself was the possessor of a strong and vivid personality; ours is the day of uniformity and standardization, and we would, it is safe to hazard, appear poor, colorless and inane objects of humanity in the estimation of our forefathers.

The conversation, too, of the eighteenth century, that astonishing century which produced such famous letter writers as Voltaire and Walpole, Mme. du Deffand and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu among a host of others, was polished and formal, brilliant and exceedingly intellectual, for we have a thousand records of it. Our conversation, when judged by the standard of that of the Augustans, is little better than the braying of asses and the grunting of pigs. And letters, as has already been remarked, are a substitute for conversation.

Our fathers and grandfathers even succeeded in infusing into their business letters a certain correctness and grave elegance of tone that the modern business man would be incapable of emulating even if it paid to do so. These old letters were, perhaps, occasionally a little long, but at least they were never vulgar. Here, for instance, is the letter of a lawyer to a lady client, written some fifty years ago:

> Mr. Robertson regrets exceedingly that he should have been the means of subjecting Miss Harrison to the slightest inconvenience. A sudden and most unexpected pecuniary pressure has for several weeks very painfully absorbed Mr. Robertson's time; this and the daily expectation of being unable to communicate with Miss Harrison agreeably to her wish form the only apology which he can offer for his apparent but unintentional neglect of her favor. Earnestly entreating her pardon for the past and pledging his best assurance for the regularity of the future, Mr. Robertson has now the pleasure of saying that Miss Harrison may rely upon hearing from him, in the most satisfactory manner, on Wednesday next, the 24th inst. Should any chance or fortune ever place it in his power, Miss Harrison may be assured that nothing would afford Mr. Robertson greater gratification than that of his being enabled to promote the interest or happiness of the daughter of his dear, valued and ever-lamented friend.

Compare the style of the above with that of a modern application for a position. The young man of today, well realizing that correctness and grace of style are worth absolutely nothing in the eyes of the gods who dispense the "jobs"—which is indeed fortunate for him, since both are quite beyond such literary powers as he possesses—sits down and with a postal card and typewriter "makes it snappy":

> I Want a Job [he types]. Sold hardware on the road for 17 years. Always made good. Fired because I drank too much. Have reformed. Here's your chance to get a mighty good man who made a fool of himself and won't do it again.

And the gods, eyeing with approval the "snap," the "pep" and the "democratic" tone of the appeal, and indifferent to its vulgarity (when they chance to recognize it as such), give the applicant his "job."

A nation gets the government it deserves, it has been said. And with equal truth and terseness it may be said that literature is worthy of its age. "The spacious times of great Elizabeth" produced the astounding flood of literary genius in the England of her day; the supreme taste and brilliance that marked the eighteenth century in the same country has conferred the term "Augustan" on its literature; the age of Louis Quatorze and that of Pericles, broad, unhurried and beauty-loving, produced literatures that remain the envy and the wonder of every modern writer not too corrupted by twentieth century materialism and triviality to appreciate them. Is it then surprising that our age, which has been termed the "Age of Shoddy," should for the most part produce only a literature that is thin, bloodless, insipid and commonplace? And letters, after all, are one form of the literary art and improve or deteriorate in quality in proportion as literature itself sinks or advances.

The decline in the quality of letter writing is all the more to be regretted since it is the one form of literature in which women have in general proved themselves superior to men. So weighty an authority on literature as Professor Saintsbury has said that the best letters have always been written by women to women, Heine explaining this feminine superiority by saying that women's letters were good because every woman wrote "with one eye on the public and the other on some man, except the Princess Hahn-Hahn, who had only one eye."

Yet amid this general crumbling of an old and delightful art there is one form of letter writing that appears to have undergone but slight deterioration—the love letter. Turn back to the literature of the eighteenth century and read the love letters of that period; then take out your own. You will find in them the same vows, the same protestations, the same denials, the same promises, the same declarations, the same questions, and not so very differently expressed. These letters, and these alone, remain all but untouched by the rise and fall of literature or by the high or low standards of public taste; for love letters have their foundation in the human heart.

Adventures of a Chautalker

"What Does This Curious American Custom Mean?"

By P. W. WILSON

To any one traveling on Chautauqua, as to Baron Munchausen, Marco Polo and Clare Sheridan, things — all kinds of things—are bound to happen.

There is the enthusiast who gripes you by the hand and asks eagerly whether you are one of "today's troupe." There is the youth at the rural soda fountain who looks fixedly at your portrait, displayed behind the grape juice, and then announces to the world in general that he has had enough of lecturers. There is the retired missionary from India who invites you to dinner on Sunday and so discloses as fine a collection of curios as you will find in most museums, including idols whose noses are flat from centuries of osculatory adoration, fabrics which you burn when worn out, so melting out their woven gold; a casket, too, from the palace of the Great Mogul and, incidentally, various human skulls, mounted with delicate art as goblets from which to quaff blood. And last, but not least, there is the retailer of hardware who has read your books and slips into your hand a pearl penknife, adding knives with bone handles for the tent boys.

Starting on Chautauqua, you are thus fully equipped like Kali, the Goddess of Fury, who carries a weapon in each of her four arms, and plants her foot upon a prostrate spouse; which means that one's memories, including hardware and Hinduism, are now somewhat mixed.

Then, too, there is a perennial conflict between law and hospitality. At forbidden hours one breaks into General Delivery and brazenly abstracts one's mail. At unaccustomed inns one presents checks on some bank, a thousand or two miles away, and at once the safes are opened and untold wealth is graciously forced into an apparently reluctant hand.

Defiant of the American plan, which is a rule whereby the guest eats what he doesn't want when he isn't hungry at tables where other guests are sorry to see him, and otherwise goes without—defiant, I say, of all this, one drops into a hotel where a Presbyterian hostess of strictly Fundamentalist convictions does not hesitate illicitly to serve short lobsters to her favorites, first because she has a warm heart, and secondly because, as a devotee of Calvin, she believes in predestination and knows that God would not have put short lobsters into the Bay of Fundy if He had not wanted them to be eaten and their shells burned afterward to ease the Inspector's conscience — fines being contrary to thrift.

Similarly, that driver of a hired automobile who, after waiting at 10 cents a minute while the lecturer concludes his appeal for strict enforcement of the law, whisks him off to some dark and distant destination where waits a tugboat, saying en route that he likes one's looks and would one take a drink of whisky from the carburetor. However dry may be the State of Maine, one still touches spots there like Brewer, Rumford and Bar Harbor, names that are temptations in themselves, while in one hotel, otherwise blameless, the usual search for stray studs when leaving revealed an empty but enormous bottle of Scottish brandy, which could be neither left behind nor taken away without involving the Chautauqua movement in unjust suspicion and embarrassing the soul of Swarthmore, where you may cross the campus, but not in any beaten track which would leave a path—see notices on the grass. Nothing after all is so subtle as spiritual simplicity—whatever exactly all this means. I do not yet know how I ought to have disposed to the best advantage of that bottle.

And last, but not least, there were the fires. At what headliners call the Quaker City, otherwise Philadelphia or Phila, nothing burned the night we got there, except the terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, otherwise Penna; and as our baggage was checked for the Reading, no great damage was done. Still, it was an experience. An act of God which some attributed also to the corporation and others to the spontaneous combustion of public opinion, was watched by the assembled multitudes with grim satisfaction. And, hey presto, within an hour or two the trains were running as merrily as ever. Indeed, why not? Trains do not run on bookstalls and "information" and restaurants, but on steel rails, and clearing away the terminal rather assisted the traffic than otherwise.

At North Station, Boston, when trying to purchase a ticket and mail a letter, I hunted through six separate drug stores, where the main business was picture cards; and ultimately, having missed my train, discovered that the Post Office was exiled across the street. But then Boston is one of those cities that has always liked to be different. On the one hand, Boston rebelled against Britain. On the other hand, it retains Britain's crooked streets. When Britain offered Boston a cup of tea, the Bostonians behaved like red Indians and threw it into their harbor. But when Americans elsewhere preferred coffee Boston at once started innumerable dives, where is dispensed what Cowper called the cups that cheer but not inebriate.

Boston is the city where the small shopkeeper successfully defies the department store and the bargain basement. Instead of skyscrapers, Boston persists in her Hub. When heels are high elsewhere they are low in Boston, and when brows are ribonded low, Boston brushes them back high. It is not obstinacy, but merely culture. Not that a lecturer has any reason to complain. Around Boston even the children are trained to survive that ordeal. In fact, Boston tolerates lectures more readily than music. With her own choirs and orchestras, she regards music as coals carried to Newcastle.

To return, then, to conflagrations, there was that strange haze overspreading New Brunswick. "It looks like thunder," one remarked to the trainman who was taking the time of a blow-out on the vacuum brakes. "No," said he, with the nonchalance of one accustomed to uncertainties. "It's only a forest fire."

Apparently, this heat wave was not wholly a surprise. With the post-war slump in lumber, some Canadians had sold their forests to Americans, which Americans were reserving the axe for a more convenient season. In the camps, this meant lost jobs, discontent and even migration to the United States, where wages soar. Some one doubtless was careless and dropped a match, as in Serbia, before the war. Not that thunderstorms are to be ignored. One Sunday I was asked to deliver an address at a community service. What some irreverent souls call the preliminaries had been musically concluded and I stepped to what, on six days a week, are the footlights. Immediately the congregation rose respectfully to their feet. I felt this to be a pleasant greeting and was inclined to say, like King George when he opens Parliament, "My Lords and gentlemen, pray be seated." But at my first sentence the first row of worshippers walked out. At my second sentence the second row walked out. And I asked myself, in some perplexity, "What does this curious American custom mean? Am I preaching a sermon or dismissing a high school? And if they walk out like this, will they ever walk in again?" The sad truth is that none of them ever did walk in again, and when the tent was empty of all save myself, the choir, the Superintendent and three sympathetic but inwardly triumphant ministers, the only thing left to do was to have the benediction pronounced over a vacuum.

The explanation was not wholly the sermon. A rumble of thunder had been heard from the horizon and no theological fascination will keep women from their homes when they have left the windows open and fear rain. Carpets and curtains not creeds are then at stake, and when it is a choice between creeds, on the one hand, and carpets and curtains on the other, the creed is taken for granted.

This was, however, an exceptional performance. As a rule, audiences respond to religion rather than politics. Whenever there is inattention over the lecture I quote the Bible, and people sit back again in their seats. On a weekday a percentage will usually quit, which percentage depends on the local birth rate. But at the community service on Sunday the attention is astonishing. A fellow-lecturer, Harry R. McKeen, who knows all that there is to be known of Chautauqua psychology, tells me two things—first, that the United States is on the eve of a regular old-fashioned religious revival, and, secondly, that President Harding's death has solidified the nation for The Hague Court. From Delaware to Nova Scotia one found the common people, not indeed well versed in the Bible, but utterly unsympathetic to modernism.

An address two years ago which set up Darwin against Scripture was still remembered as something with which critics could "knock Chautauqua" in that town. Rightly or wrongly, "the folk" believe that the Bible is on their side. They do not read it as they might. Indeed, to see five ministers searching vainly for the parable of the Good Samaritan in any gospel save St. Luke, where it is narrated, was a revelation of ecclesiastical ignorance unparalleled since the Middle Ages. But any one who knows the Bible, who respects the Book and expounds it, may be sure today of a hearing.

In some places he will find himself a monopolist. Not that the local minister is to be slaughtered with a sneer. He is honorably poor. He is generously appreciative even of lay effort. He is perhaps the one influence that counteracts an insistent materialism. On subjects like the League of Nations his thought is centuries in advance of the ideas of secular politicians. The minister today needs nothing except what many ministers deny, namely, inspiration. Everything is there ready—the altar, the prophet and the sacrifice, laid in order upon the wood of the pulpit; everything except the fire from heaven. It is precisely that miracle for which religion waits.

Take the music supplied at Chautauqua. In this case it was rendered by the Dunbar Cathedral choir, on which it must be observed that Dunbar is not, strictly speaking, a cathedral at all, but a man, Ralph Dunbar, the 'cellist, who has a positive genius for picking voices, arranging programs and capturing audiences. This choir included a Methodist, a Lutheran, a Roman Catholic, two Christian Scientists and one certain with other possible Presbyterians. They were led by the singer and entertainer, Harry Longstreet, and one would like to be told why it is left to Chautauqua to put on programs which so completely outclass the usual "act" in vaudeville. The audience is the same. As a verdict the applause is final.

What this choir achieved was, first, simple intelligibility. Drawn from half a dozen States, and not always from the musical profession, these young people made every word plain to the ear. The contempt for elocution which is so astounding behind the regular footlights, the gibberish which is too ill pronounced to be even vulgar, and if it were well pronounced would not be funny; the nasalisms and the squeaks of burlesque are here replaced by enunciated words, said or sung as clearly as a litany and more clearly than some opera. The kind of padding with which a loose-limbed dancer introduces his anatomical art is entirely eliminated. The trouble at Chautauqua is not how to fill up time but how to find time for all that has to be given, including encores.

And—for this is the point—what the audiences ask to have repeated are often the religious items. If Chautauqua is wise, it will assign one evening every year to oratorio. The people who throng Chautauqua are the same people for whom, in Germany, Bach wrote his Passion music, and in England Handel and Mendelssohn wrote, respectively, "The Messiah" and "The Hymn of Praise." Go to the Crystal Palace in London when the Handel Festival is proceeding and you find yourself in a Chautauqua tent.

Many faiths but one music—that is Chautauqua. In a city not again to be named I have just passed a great edifice of bricks and mortar, supposed to be sacred and called a church, but "closed for the season"! In Chautauqua at least it may be said that we are rid of bricks and mortar. Here is a building not made with hands but consisting only of living stones drifting like the Israelites of old, hither and thither, and worshipping as they worshipped in a tent about which assuredly the wind, like the spirit, bloweth where it listeth. In cheerfulness, at any rate, and good temper and unselfish co-operation. Chautauqua is the true church, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

One day a freight train ran off the rail, just ahead; but the program proceeded. On another day, two locomotives broke down and a third delay was caused by the track kindling to flame. But one got there in time. The lights may go out, but one must go on talking. At Niagara, the falls descended on the roof of the tent, which was not where they were expected; but the peroration was duly recited. Would that I could tell of the prize dramas of which the first was won by Mr. Richard Purdy with a piece called "Crossed Wires," while William Shakespeare came in a good second with "The Taming of the Shrew." Would that I could tell of Sultan, the sixth day pony, who can add, subtract, multiply and divide, also distinguishing colors and knowing when gentlemen are handsome or otherwise. Of the long-suffering Superintendent, the loquacious guarantor, the Junior Leader of sweet and sisterly aspect, the circuit director with his stern yet sympathetic smile, and the tenor who is training to knock out Dempsey, much might be written.

"An empty but enormous bottle."

"There is the enthusiast who gripes you by the hand."

The Ever-Modern "Spectator"

Study of Addison and Steele for Good Writers and Honest Men

A Review by
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE MIND OF "THE SPECTATOR" UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF ADDISON AND STEELE. By the Rev. Canon G. B. Streatfeild, with a foreword by the Right Rev. A. A. David, D. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

GIVE nights and days to the study of Addison if you mean to be a good writer, or, what is more worth, an honest man," was Dr. Johnson's famous advice to the poetical shoemaker. The advice was sound in its day, and there is still virtue in it; it may still be recommended to students of prose, to those who would "attain an English style, familiar, not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious." Perhaps, if we put aside certain "futurist" experimenters in contemporary prose, the trend of present-day writing is once more in Addison's direction. At all events, in the reaction from the Germanized prose of Carlyle and Meredith, and the mannered preciosity of Pater and Stevenson, we are coming to value again those qualities of naturalness, lucidity and order, which are still as freshly attractive in the pages of "The Spectator" as when that lively periodical was the oracle of "the town." At the same time, it is certainly true that nowadays those eight charming little volumes with their elegant typography and their old calf bindings "black with tarnished gold," are too seldom taken down from those upper shelves where they repose in distinguished seclusion.

Perhaps Mr. Streatfeild exaggerates the neglect into which "The Spectator" has fallen when he asks, "Who reads 'The Spectator' in this twentieth century?" for we can never be sure who is reading an old author. The new books are very naturally more in evidence, enjoying their day in the sun, and ministering to interests more contemporary than eternal. It is assumed that all young people read nothing but the newest books, yet the assumption is far from safe, and one meets not infrequently with pleasant surprises. Only recently, taking a morning walk along Riverside Drive, the present reviewer observed two young women seated together absorbed over a book, and, taking a rapid glace over their shoulders, he was able to observe that the book was not by Schnitzler, Anderson or Laurence. Of all books in the world, it was the "Astrophel and Stella" sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney. So, one never knows, and it may well be that Addison has still an unobtrusive faithful following, which is as much as one can reasonably expect. For, as Mr. Streatfeild sensibly says: "So absorbing and varied in interest is contemporary literature that we can hardly be surprised if books that delighted our forebears have fallen into neglect. * * * However, the most appreciative of readers is bound to admit that whatever may have been thought in the reign of Queen Anne, a very considerable portion of 'The Spectator' can hardly be read today either with interest or profit." There is no use in denying that "Queen Anne is dead." It is, however, true of many old books, short of the greatest, that like lusty old trees, while there is admittedly no little deadwood in them, that, along with their blackened branches, there is still a preponderance of vigorous foliage, alive with the refreshment of living leaves and casting a pleasant tranquillizing shade. As Bishop David says in his foreword to this compilation by his dead friend, "It is restful and wholesome for us in this hurrying age occasionally to contemplate a quieter world." If we cannot afford to give our nights and days to Addison, and his unfairly depreciated collaborator, "Dick" Steele, it will be undoubtedly to our advantage to spare them an occasional afternoon. Much indeed of the more human, enduring parts of "The Spectator" has passed into the blood of our race and belongs to our common stock of familiar literary reference. If Addison's moralizings are chaff-fallen, the characters which give "The Spectator" some of the charm of a novel are still alive in the mythology of fiction. Sir Roger de Coverley is one of the immortals, as well known to us still as say that Rip Van Winkle of Addison's most famous disciple, who, it is to be feared, like his master, suffers from neglect. The importance, indeed, of "The Spectator" in the evolution of the novel was long ago pointed out by Macaulay and has more recently been emphasized by Professor Saintsbury, who says:

> Not only could the "Coverley Papers" be made into a novel without the slightest difficulty, and by a process much of which would be simple enlargement of material; but they already possess, in a fashion which requires no alteration at all, many of the features of the novel, far more successfully hit off than had ever been done before in the novel itself. This is true of the dialogue to no small extent, and of the description even more; but it is truest of all of the characters. Except Bunyan, nobody in prose fiction had ever made personages so thoroughly spirited as Sir Roger and even the two Wills, Honeycomb and Wimble.

This fiction frame-work of "The Spectator" was due to the inventive vivacity of Steele, to whom one is glad to see Mr. Streatfeild doing that justice too long denied him, and the device had already been used by him, sometimes with Addison's assistance, in "The Tatler," with which Steele inaugurated the kind of periodical of which "The Spectator" was to become the classic example. Mr. Courthope, who has written the authoritative "Life of Addison," claims a greater power of initiative for Steele as compared with Addison, and declares that "whatever was perfected by Addison was begun by Steele." Steele, with a greater generosity than belonged to his less open-hearted friend, gladly admitted the value of Addison's assistance with "The Tatler," ruefully illustrating the overshadowing influence of his coadjutor's "force of genius, humor, wit and learning" by saying that "I fared like a dishonest prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Steele, like many such men, suffered in his reputation from the thriftless expansiveness of a nature that wore its faults, like its heart, upon the sleeve. He was a careless, vivacious liver, always in debt and other forms of trouble, and he drank in a noisy way far more than was good for him. Addison drank too much also—most people did in good Queen Anne's day—but Addison was a quiet, "gentlemanly" drinker, and was generally more circumspect in his behavior, playing a safe game with life, but, it must be admitted, without a spice of that priggish, perhaps even snobbish, self-protectiveness which went some way toward justifying Pope's merciless satire:

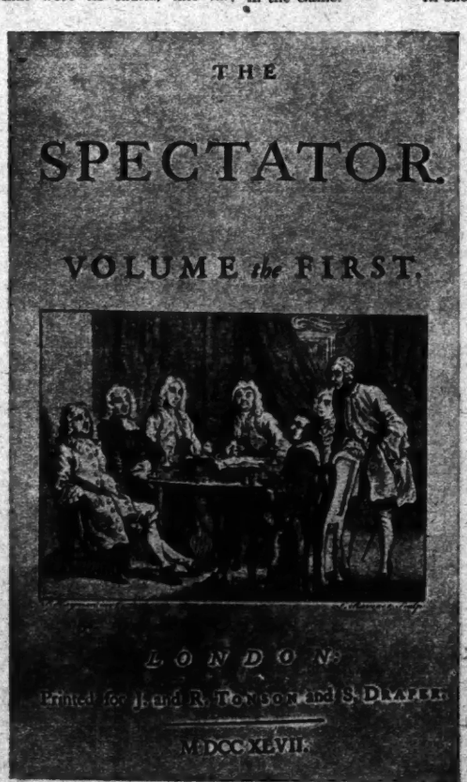
> Blest with each talent and each art to please,
> And born to write, converse, and live with ease—
> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
> Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
> A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
> Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
> And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged:
> Like Cato, gives his little Senate laws,
> And sits attentive to his own applause.

The credit for the first sketch of the Spectator's Club is due to Steele, though much of the elaboration of Sir Roger was Addison's work. His love story, however, is entirely Steele's. "The Spectator" itself was Steele's projection, though Addison worked with him from the beginning, and contributed the character given by The Spectator of himself to the opening numbers:

> I live in the World rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species, by which Means I have made myself a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artisan, without ever meddling with any practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in the Theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discuss the Errors in the Oeconomy, Business, and Diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. * * * In short, I have acted in all the Parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

Joseph Addison.

After the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.



Title Page of the Collected Edition of "The Spectator."

The rôle Addison set himself was chiefly that of a social moralist, using the scalpel of satire so gently and good-naturedly that he benefited without hurting. To this end he subjects to urbane ridicule both the vices and the foibles of his day, and, as Mr. Streatfeild remarks, "his own amusement at what he observed is expressed with such humor and bonhomie that the victim of his wit is constrained to share the mirth that is raised at his own expense." By this method he was able to do an immense service to the society of his time, far beyond that done by the coarse savagery of Swift, for "the world listened to him, while it turned a deaf ear to the Dean," who, by the way, was one of his most intimate and admiring cronies. "Often, as they spent their evenings together," said Swift, "they never wished for a third person," and Addison himself used to say that "there was no such thing as real conversation but between two persons." The testimony to Addison's gifts as a talker is unanimous, and his talk, like so much good talk before or since, seems to have been one of those good things inspired by "that forbidden juice" to which nowadays we are afraid of being fair. Steele, in an essay in "Defense of Sober Drinking," refers to this Addisonian fount, and there is an anecdote which represents Steele as having "the duty imposed upon him"—hardly a disagreeable duty in Steele's case—"of drinking his friend Addison up to conversation pitch." Whatever his faults and limitations, Addison was a profoundly religious man, and his purifying influence upon his contemporaries was incalculable.

It is with this influence that Canon Streatfeild is mainly concerned, and most of the extracts from "The Spectator" which he links together with a running comment reflect its moralistic purpose. Canon Streatfeild arranges these into chapters dealing with "The Spectator as Guide, Philosopher and Friend," "The Spectator on Men," "The Spectator on Women," "The Spectator on Marriage," "The Spectator on the Oddities of Life." "In an age," says Canon Streatfeild, "of great moral laxity, the 'Spectator' consistently and fearlessly upheld the sacredness of the marriage tie." Of Addison's wisdom on this subject here is one example: "Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial"; but most of the good advice on the married state comes from Steele, who, it is to be feared, was anything but a model husband. "I take it," says he, "to be a rule to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased"; and, again, "In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life." Here is a characteristic Addisonian passage on true happiness:

> True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators.

Canon Streatfeild's book is welcome as a contribution toward a renewed appreciation of a classic too, generally "taken as read," but it would have possessed a more compelling attractiveness had it been less limited in scope, and had it given a better representation of the range of "The Spectator's" interests, its sprightly variety of topics. One would have liked more glimpses of the fiction element that so agreeably lightens the moralizing, and some of the literary papers might have been profitably drawn upon, Addison's paper in vindication of the old English ballads, for example. The humors of the literary world of the day, the eternal absurdities of poets and "scribblers," make good reading that is far from having lost its savor, or its application. For instance:

> There is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other set of men. * * * In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art.

And much better than particular moralizings, is such a passage of general wisdom as this:

> I know no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffused itself through both Sexes and all Qualities of Mankind, and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natured, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandoned Writings of Men of Wit, and the awkward Imitation of the rest of Mankind. For this reason Sir Roger was saying last Night, That he was of opinion none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged.

This was published on March 7, 1710-11, but its almost uncanny application to our "modern" world, and its troubles, in the present year of grace needs no emphasis. No extract from "The Spectator" could more forcibly prove that "The Spectator" is very far from being out of date.

To Little Maids in School

Sir W. S. Gilbert's Own Nursery Version of "The Mikado."

A Review by
H. I. BROCK

THE STORY OF THE MIKADO. Told by Sir W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT seems that no less a person than Sir W. S. Gilbert himself has undertaken to adapt himself. In the act he has reduced immortal comic opera to the rank of a nursery classic. Some years before his death the librettist, whose fame is indissolubly linked with that of Sir Arthur Sullivan as composer, was persuaded to prepare a special version of "The Mikado" for young persons. Only now that version, all dolled up with colored pictures, makes its first public bow.

In his nursery dress "The Mikado" is a storybook and not a play. That involves considerable changes in the familiar text. And there are other changes—quaint ones. Because now the shafts of Gilbertian wit are aimed circumspectly at very gentle breasts. The inscription, indeed, might fairly be "To Little Maids in School." So obvious it is that little girls are the audience elect.

The spirit of amiable mockery which informed the Mikado's realm has not been banished. Only sometimes it has been deflected to objects more properly in the sphere of the Finishing School from which came so mincingly, filled with girlish glee, Yum Yum, Peep Bo and Pitti Sing to meet a guardian Lord High Executioner.

Since, for instance, young ladies not yet out in even sub-sub-deb society are not supposed to know much or anything about the more reprehended occupations of their elder sisters—not to mention uncles and brothers—it is not for flirting that the head of Ko Ko, the cheap tailor of Titipu, was "condemned to be mown off." Not a bit of it. Rather it is for scribbling his unimportant name on public monuments—a childish indulgence. Yet one fears it is a private grudge which has driven Gilbert to add that Ko Ko was not only a cheap tailor but an advertising tailor. That's why he wrote his name up. For business' sake.

In the nursery, consequently, he is taken from the county jail, becomes Lord High Executioner, and wields his snickersnee as harmlessly as ever he does in the play book. But observe what happens to the song, in which since 1885 Pish Tush has been explaining how it all came about.

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
His people might be steadied;
So he proclaimed a statute new,
That all misguided people who
Did anything they shouldn't do
Should forthwith be beheaded.

As Pish Tush used to sing it, it ran, after "whereby,"

—Young men might best be steadied,
So he decreed in words succinct:
That all who flirted, leered or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded.

Thus there has been here a most considerable (and considerate) substitution. The sage author has already remarked—when it came to the question of kisses—even guardianly kisses—that "Yum Yum didn't know much about these things, for she only knew what was taught at the Finishing School, and the Finishing School didn't finish them quite as far as that." He apologises for the young lady's language also because "you are not taught grammar" at Finishing School.

But the question is not grammar. It is what liberties the author of a classic has dared to take with that classic. We have had one sample. And we may remember the tricks those much-scolded singing comedians are prone to play when on the stage they try to sing these classics up to date. Usually when they have done this the Gilbertians have objected. We have known it done and done with vituperative acrimony interspersed with short, sharp barks of fury and seasoned with bitter cries of grief and rage when Da Wolf Hopper, say, presumed to substitute his gags for the author's admired lines.

However, attend. Observe how the author himself has gagged Ko Ko's famous patter song about the Little List "of the inconvenient people who might well be under ground." To be sure, it is not in the original version of the opera and is an interpolation anyhow. Adapted to the nursery the second stanza runs like this:

There's the nursemaid who each
evening in curl-papers does
your hair,
With an aggravating twist—she
never would be missed—
And tells you that you musn't
sneeze or cough or yawn or
stare—
She never would be missed—I'm
sure she'd not be missed.
All those who hold that children
shouldn't have too much to
eat,
And think cold suet pudding a
delicious birthday treat,

"Pish Tush, Run him off."

"I claim my perjured lover, Nashi Poo."

Who say that little girls to bed at
seven should be sent,
And consider pocket money isn't
given to be spent,
And doctors who on giving you
unpleasant draughts insist—
They never would be missed,
they'd none of them be
missed!

The next stanza is about practicing scales and sugar plums and telling tales out of school. So that also has been thoroughly adapted.

A lot has been left out, too. "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring" are missing. Is that because of the bacchanal note of "The Summer of Roses and Wine"? "Hearts Do Not Break, They Sting and Ache" is not included. Obviously hearts (in such sense) are not nursery stuff. But we can't find even "The Tiger from the Congo or the Niger"—which seems a pity. "Especially when lashing of his tail." Even little girls ought to like the tiger. If you take very young girls to the Zoo they are apt to accept quite calmly the very largest Siberian tiger and call him kitty. They even call the big shaggy-maned African lion kitty.

But to return to the nursery "Mikado." In the course of the narrative Sir W. S. Gilbert has been at some pains to tell us what he thinks of several of his most esteemed and celebrated characters. For example, Yum Yum—and he seizes the occasion when she's all beautifully made up as a bride and is about to celebrate in self-complacent song, "That Placid Dame, the Moon's Celestial Highness."

Yum Yum was a good-looking girl, but not nearly as lovely as she believed herself to be. Her absurd conceit came of her ridiculously exaggerated first name, which, though she quite forgot it, was conferred upon her by her sanguine parents when she had no more features than a lump of putty.

Very important, indeed, is Gilbert's opinion of Pooh-Bah—since Pooh-Bah has furnished an immortal label to a type, a label that cannot be escaped by anybody who accepts all the offices in sight—with or without the salaries attached.

Now this Pooh-Bah [he says, introducing that exalted nobleman in the act of "mortifying his family pride by looking for overlooked half pence," after a copper shower and scramble by the populace]—now this Pooh-Bah may be described without any hesitation as one of the most remarkable characters in ancient or modern history. He was not a clever man—he was, in fact, an intolerably conceited donkey—but he was such a remarkable donkey that his very donkeydom entitled him to the affectionate respect of his fellow-townsmen as being infinitely more remunerative than the very highest form of educated intelligence could possibly be.

On his own account Gilbert adds:

Personally, I would rather be a very wise man than a stupid, but if I couldn't be a very wise man (I have tried and I find I can't) I would rather be so stupid as to excite wonder and admiration on account of the extraordinary and exceptional quality of my stupidity. I do not mean to suggest that I am right in holding this opinion, but if there is one character that I dislike more than another it is that particular kind of average person that I happen to be.

The affection of the creator for the sublime ass of his creation is confessed and obvious. The other favorite in the box of Titipu toys is evidently—if not so obviously—Pitti-Sing. Of her it is said that she "has plenty of assurance of a modest description." Her rude behavior to Kati-sha ("the word for your guidance is mum—mum—mum") is admitted to be in "very bad taste." "I don't see," the author adds, "how her conduct is to be defended. It is most unbecoming for a mere schoolgirl to address an elderly lady, however plain, in words of ridicule and contempt."

No wonder that "Pooh-Bah, who, among other things, held the post of Lord High Admirer, had in his official capacity fallen head over ears in love with her, and they were in point of fact engaged." That was why the minx was mixed up with the Lord High Everything Else in the little plot to "give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Here was her reason for using her impudent and distracting glances and her vocal invention to charm the susceptible Mikado into the impression that an execution had taken place when it hadn't.

Hers was a narrow escape—but so was everybody else's.

And this is a very pretty nursery book full of a very pretty wit—as might be expected. It is also provided with very pretty pictures—which might, for all their prettiness, be better pictures and really should be to match the text.

For Gilbertians—a fanatic tribe—it is charged with a very special and curious interest. It is, under a mask of innocence, a commentary by Gilbert himself on what is after all the most famous of the Gilbert and Sullivan galaxy. For instance, there is that oft-quoted line of Pooh-Bah's about saying how-de-do to nobody under the rank of a stock broker. It has a footnote, thus:

I don't know why he drew the line at a stock broker, unless it is that when a member of the aristocracy is ruined he generally goes on the Stock Exchange.

Upon the serious political question of the real Japanese in face of the comic operatic imaginary there is an attitude worthy of that fountainhead of innocent merriment, the Mikado himself.

"If," says Gilbert, "my readers are of the opinion (as they very likely will be) that some of their customs, as they are revealed in this story, are curious, odd or ridiculous, they must bear in mind that the Japan of that time was very unlike the Japan of today. It is important to bear this in mind, because our Government being (in their heart of hearts) a little afraid of the Japanese, are extremely anxious not to irritate or offend them in any way lest they should come over here and give us such a lesson as they gave the Russians a few years ago. My readers will understand that this fear is not entertained by the generality of inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, who, as a body, are not much afraid of any nation; it is confined mainly to the good and wise gentlemen who rule us just now and whose wishes should consequently be respected."

"Alas, my poor little bride that was to be."

Fact and Fancy of Dickens Sites in London

Controversy Revived by the Offer for Sale of the Old Curiosity Shop Which Probably Isn't Dickensian

By CLAIR PRICE

IN the capital of Dickensia this has been a rare Summer. The Dickens Fellowship hopes to complete its purchase of Charles Dickens's first house in London by Oct. 6 next. The novelist's last house at Gadshill, Kent, some twenty-six miles from London on the Dover Road, has been offered for sale and withdrawn. And the Summer's cup has been brought to overflowing by the revival of an old controversy in the sale of what has long purported to be the original of the Old Curiosity Shop, off Lincoln's Inn Fields in London. If you happen not to be a member of the far-flung Dickens cult, the name of the Dickens Fellowship may seem less impressive than it really is. It is a chain of local bodies, as numerous in the United States as in Great Britain, whose headquarters in London attains its twenty-first birthday on Oct. 6 next. Incidentally, for nineteen years it has published a monthly magazine exclusively devoted to the conservation of Dickensia. Has any other modern novelist been paid such a tribute?

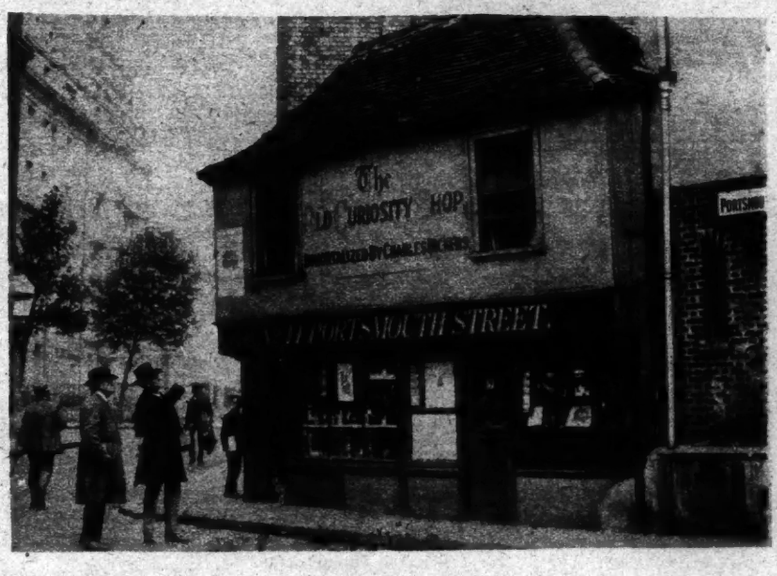
The ancient little building which bears the sign, "The Old Curiosity Shop Immortalized by Charles Dickens," is easily the most widely known of all the authentic and alleged Dickens sites in London. It looks like and is a slab of old London cut out with a knife and left alone in a towering group of new office buildings. Behind it the lawyers of Lincoln's Inn Fields live as they have lived for centuries, but around it the old slum, of which it is now the only remaining relic, has been wiped out to make room for the steel and concrete offices which line Kingsway, only a step away. No recent change in the West End of London has been so complete as the change which has driven Kingsway through the old slums which once surrounded Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Even as late as the war the wooden hut which housed the American Y. M. C. A. at the foot of Kingsway was surrounded by the gaping tortuous basements of wrecked slum buildings. But even these have disappeared now and in their place has risen the new American Bush Building which today forms the foot of Kingsway. Hardly 200 yards away, however, hidden in the new office buildings off Kingsway, is the ancient little relic which calls itself the original of Little Nell's home as described by Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop." I passed it last Saturday afternoon, when its old wooden shutters were up and the offices around it were closed. The only person in sight in the empty street was an American, who stood opposite the little tumble-down hovel, contemplating it in a long silence. He had hardly left when another American arrived and stopped like a man who has reached the end of a pilgrimage. I stood opposite the place for possibly a half hour, and in that time six parties arrived, some singly and some in family groups, and stopped to contemplate the old place. Four of them were plainly American. The other two may have come from the provinces. Nobody else passed during the half hour I stood there.

The trustees for the estate of the late owner of the little building offered it at auction on July 31, and J. A. Phillips, a London real estate dealer, bought it for £2,250. Its sale was subject to a lease under which a firm of wholesale stationers in London will continue to conduct it as "The Old Curiosity Shop Immortalised by Charles Dickens" until Christmas, 1924. They have sublet it to a pallid little Englishwoman, who will continue to conduct it as a shop for the sale of picture postcards and plaques of Dickensian subjects until the lease runs out. After that its future is unknown.

Neighboring office buildings are anxious to secure the small plot of ground on which it stands for the purpose of pulling it down and erecting offices in its place, but Mr. Phillips, its new owner, says that he will sell it only for the purpose of continuing it as a national Dickens memorial, an institution which at present is strangely lacking in London. Meanwhile, the Dickens Fellowship, which occupies a position of indubitable authority in these matters, looks upon Mr. Phillips as an excellent real estate dealer, but regards his enthusiasm for Dickens as of recent origin. To quote its exact words: "The so-called Old Curiosity Shop is old and a curiosity and a shop, but it has been immortalized by an unknown sign painter and not by Charles Dickens."

So an old controversy bobs up again for the first time since 1910. In that year an appeal was made for £2,000 with which to preserve the little relic, and about £1,000 was actually raised, to the grief of all authorities on Dickensia. Londoners who had made a study of Dickens's sites a lifelong hobby all but wept at the ease with which money was raised for the purpose of preserving what they called an imposture, while authentic but less famous Dickens sites in London were dwindling unpreserved for lack of funds. Their position was and still is that the little tenement which calls itself the Old Curiosity Shop is well worth preserving as one of London's old buildings, but that no basis exists for associating it in any way with the name of Dickens.



The Old Curiosity Shop.

Photo © Keystone View Co.

Dickensians are agreed that the original of Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop no longer exists. This is based in part on an excerpt from the last chapter of "The Old Curiosity Shop," in which Little Nell's home is referred to as follows: "He (Kit) sometimes took them to the street where she had lived; but new improvements had altered it so much it was not like the same. The old house had been long ago pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first he would draw with his stick a square upon the ground to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts, he thought, and these alterations were confusing."

As to where it stood before it was torn down, Dickensians differ. The late Robert Allbut, author of "Rambles in Dickens Land" and one of the leading authorities in his day on the London of Dickens, once declared that "a lady personally acquainted with the great novelist has informed me that she was once taken by Mr. Dickens to No. 10 Green Street. * * * the business of curiosity dealing being then and there carried on. Mr. Dickens himself localised this house as the home of Little Nell, pointing out an inner room * * * as her bedroom." Mr. Allbut has never given the name of the "lady personally acquainted with the great novelist" on whose authority he relied.

This omission has occasioned an amount of dissent, but he still carries with him a number of eminent Dickensians who say that Little Nell's home occupied the ground which the Garrick, a public house, at the end of Green Street, Leicester Square, now occupies. There is much to be said in favor of this view. Dickens wrote "The Old Curiosity Shop" in 1840 and 1841, and since then Trafalgar Square has been cleared and part of what in Dickens's day was Green Street has been razed to make room for the National Gallery which now occupies one side of the square. Mr. Allbut might be the part of wisdom to wait and see. If it actually does disappear at the expiry of its present lease, it will doubtless be because the Dickens Fellowship has finally succeeded in giving London the authentic Dickens memorial which it has heretofore strangely lacked. Stratford-on-Avon has its Shakespeare memorials, Ecclefechan and Chelsea, London, have their Carlyle memorials, and Abbotsford has its Scott memorial, but, unbelievable as it may seem, London has never had an authentic Dickens site set apart to Dickens's memory.

The site which the fellowship has in mind is the building at 48 Doughty Street, in the Bloomsbury section of London, which Dickens first rented after his marriage and in which he finished "The Pickwick Papers" and wrote "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "Sketches of Young Gentlemen" and "The Mudfog Papers." Its authenticity has been recognised by the London County Council, which has affixed a medallion to the outside of the house, bearing the inscription:

LCC.
CHARLES DICKENS
1812—1870
Novelist
Lived Here

As the name Bloomsbury suggests, 48 Doughty Street is now a boarding house. Bloomsbury is an ocean of boarding houses, and in the tourist season it is a favorite Londonism to refer to it as Bloomsbury, U. S. A. The Doughty Street house is said by Dickensians to be the only remaining building in London which can be correctly designated a Dickens house, and it still stands as Dickens left it except for such minor matters as wall paper, &c. The Dickens Fellowship hopes to observe its twenty-first birthday on Oct. 6 next by moving from its present quarters in Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, into the Doughty Street house, into which it plans to move not only its own very wide collection of Dickensiana but a number of private collections which have been promised it.

It hopes thus to institute a picture gallery, library and museum of Dickensiana, and to occupy its new headquarters not only as a national Dickens memorial but as a world headquarters for Dickensians. It is an ambitious plan, but the Dickens cult is very numerous and very devoted. Portsmouth, where Dickens was born, and Rochester, which he wrote about, have each acquired Dickens sites, but in the capital of Dickensia the Doughty Street project is the first attempt to set apart a Dickens site as a permanent memorial.

At present the Doughty Street project is in a rather complicated condition. The building belonged to the Tichbourne-Doughty estate, which once was very wealthy, but the tragic story of the Tichbourne family has been written into London history in the annals of the Tichbourne murder trial, a trial so famous that its name was adopted by a music-hall comedian who appears in London to this day under the stage name of Little Tich. Bit by bit the once large Tichbourne estate went under mortgage to pay for court costs and lawyers' fees, and a group of Dickensians connected with the Dickens Fellowship have acquired the ownership of 48 Doughty Street by taking over obligations amounting to £4,500. About £2,000 of this sum has been raised to meet them, part of it in the United States, and the Fellowship is attempting to raise the remainder before Oct. 6.

Meanwhile, the new owners are attempting to agree on terms with the leaseholder, who had sublet the place for boarding house purposes and whose lease does not expire for some ten years. If they are able to agree on terms with him, his lease will be surrendered and possession of the place will be given to the Fellowship before Oct. 6. If they are unable to agree on terms, a matter of ten years will have to pass before the Fellowship is able to gain possession. In any event, whether immediate possession is secured or not, as soon as £4,500 is raised to transfer the ownership of the place to the Fellowship itself, an appeal will be made for about £5,000 with which to endow it, in order that, when occupied, it may be thrown open to all lovers of Dickens without an admission charge.

In the midst of efforts to finance the Doughty Street project, London Dickensians have had to watch Gadshill put up for sale and withdrawn. Gadshill, as all Dickensians know, was Dickens's home from 1857 to his death, on June 9, 1870, and here he wrote "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," "The Uncommercial Traveller" and "Edwin Drood." The old Georgian house at Gadshill lies some twenty-six miles from London, a distance which makes it inaccessible when compared with 48 Doughty Street, in the West End of London. The Doughty Street building, furthermore, is still in approximately the same condition as it was in Dickens's day, but the grounds at Gadshill have been greatly changed and changes have been made at the back of the house. The front of the house and much of its interior, however, is the same today as it was on March 14, 1856, when Dickens paid £1,790 for it. Its present owner is thought to want £6,000 for it. It was put up at auction on July 26, but the bidding stopped at £5,000 and it was withdrawn. London Dickensians were sorely anxious to secure it, but their only organization, the Dickens Fellowship, already has its hands full in attempting to finance its Doughty Street project. The Fellowship still regards Gadshill with jealous eyes, but apparently it has no chance of securing Dickens's last home unless some wealthy Dickensian buys it on the chance that the Fellowship some day will be able to take it off his hands.

As for the Fellowship itself, most Dickensians have known it for years. The rest of us who are not Dickensians but merely humble devourers of Dickens's stories are possibly not so well acquainted with it. Among its members are Wells, Chesterton, Barrie, Pinero, Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Galsworthy, Robert Hichens, W. W. Jacobs, W. J. Locke, E. V. Lucas, Jerome K. Jerome, Marie Corelli, Ellen Terry and W. Pett Ridge. The two surviving children of Dickens are its life Presidents—Mrs. Kate Perugini, the novelist's second daughter, and Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K. C., his sixth son. Sir Henry is a Judge at the Old Bailey and one of the very few Judges in the country who bear the old title of Common Serjeant. Mrs. Perugini is now well advanced in years and rarely leaves her room.

Czar of Gramercy Park

His Remarks on the Raising of Flowers and Children

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

"Five minutes to half an hour is the bench time limit."

IT is a perennial and seemingly unsolvable problem how to protect the loveliness of the city's breathing places from the carelessness of the city's citizens—the very citizens who need those breathing places most. Since the World War park vandals have seemingly got beyond police control. Often the flood of foreign-born gets the blame. Reared to respect and protect the public pleasure grounds of the Old World, why this fever of wanton destruction in the New World? Can all park vandalism be truthfully charged to a perverted idea of "liberty, fraternity, equality"?

Are all the culprits of foreign birth or breed?

"Teck," Czar of Gramercy Park, has his doubts, and—there are others! To keep the public parks and squares—"the city's lungs"—the sightly, healthy, safe places of recreation they are designed to be is, to "Teck's" thinking, no problem at all. Only a matter of horse sense judiciously exercised by authority in sympathy with Youth and the Undisciplined.

A generation or more of children have grown up in Gramercy Park under "Teck" Hannan's reign as "plain-clothes man"—hence the sobriquet "Teck"—Superintendent and uncrowned Czar! What he does not know of the modern child, its upbringing and handicaps, would "charge" a theoretical child reformer for a continuous Chautauqua circuit.

"There's good in every one," says "Teck." "The best of us do things at times we know ain't right, and we're liable to keep on doing them if we're not jerked up now and then. It's the way we're jerked up that counts. We're not always to blame. Inheritance, bad bringing up, lack of home training, the wrong or indifferent parents—there are the mischiefmakers."

"Teck" was spading the circle which encloses the statue erected by The Players to Edwin Booth—holding in the park as the original did in life—centre stage. Suddenly the spade dropped and his Irish eyes danced as he wiped his brow. The sun was as relentless as his garden labors are continuous, for no labor union controls "Teck" Hannan's love of flowers, children, law and order.

"The crying need of the modern child is more slipper and hickory applied where they do the most good! It's many the good licking I got and it's thankful I'm today. Indeed, a little more wouldn't have gone astray!" And "Teck" fell to spading anew where formerly, as old-timers may remember, a fountain played.

Gramercy is one park in the metropolis restricted to a key-community. Key admission implies exclusiveness, but children are children and human nature—at bottom—is the same the world over. So that "Teck's" régime making for perennial beauty of his garden; for the comfort, joy and safety of visitors old and young is applicable in no small measure to parks not under lock and key.

Originally this particular park was the twenty-acre farm of James Duane, Mayor of New York from 1783 to 1788. Duane Street perpetuates his memory. It was known as Gramercy seat. Later the farm passed to Samuel Ruggles, who set apart forty-two city lots of the original twenty acres for the creation of Gramercy Park. Ruggles's deed instructed the Trustees to enclose the plot with an iron fence and ornamental gates, and these remain today. To the tenants occupying the sixty lots bounding it was given right of access for "common pleasure and recreation" provided each contributed $10 a year to its maintenance. On receipt of the tax the tenant was intrusted with a key to the gates.

Nearly a century has passed since the ground was laid out and the trees planted, which have grown to what they are under the care of "Teck" and his predecessors. In the interval many changes have come to the park and its neighborhood. The demolition of old homes and the erection of skyscraper apartments; the influx of cliff dweller parents with numerically restricted offspring has modified, if not radically changed, the conservatism that obtained in Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence." The stately homes of Samuel Tilden, John Bigelow, Stanford White, Robert Ingersoll and like notables have succumbed to clubs; hotels and lodging houses. The cost of an admission key is now $30 a year and property holders are assessed for upkeep.

On May Day the locks are changed and a new gate key accompanies the Superintendent's receipt of the tenant's check. A key paid for by a club or landlord admits members or tenants. To quote "Teck," "It's a new world to be coming to Gramercy these days."

From one to two hundred children are in the park daily the year around. Not infrequently on setting out in the morning to business a parent or guardian will "park" there a boy or girl for safe keeping. At 6 o'clock is a grand exodus, for evening is reserved for the elders.

"I know the children and they know me," says "Teck." "Together we have our good times and thrash out our troubles. It's this way: When they are at school they have to keep quiet, hold their tongues in their cheeks when they're busting to speak out. It's the same at church or Sunday school. There's always a teacher's eye upon them and they're afraid to budge. At home it's nurse or governess, for little of their parents does most of them see, and less it is they're liable to know them. In the park, nurse, parent or guardian lets go. For the first time in their "keep-still" day the children are free as the birds, and it's to me they bring all that does be gnawing the insides of them. You see, I'm like a Father Confessor.

"They tell me what their inquisitive little minds are busy with while they are under school, church, nurse or home restraint. Many is the child I know better than does the parents, and the child knows that I know. See? There's Bob Rex. He's 12 now—you must catch them before 12 to make any good out of them—and his brothers are 9 and 7. They grew up in the park from swaddling clothes. Dad's big in the money market, mother a high-flier in east side uplift and the like.

"'Oh, shucks, Teck,' says Bob to me one day. 'Us kids haven't a home like some boys. We hardly ever see dad and he never plays with us or asks us if we're having fun. Gee! I'd love to see a real baseball game. Dad goes to every game, but he never takes me or tells me about it.

"'Yes, I know he buys our shoes, pays for our roller skates and sleds, but all fathers have to do that, don't they, Teck?'

"I took the bunch to a real baseball game and you should have seen them! It would put blood into old Tut! Another time we went to the wharf to see the ships come in. All boys love wharf life, and say, you should have seen them at the Aquarium!

"One night the father comes into the park.

"'How are my boys behaving?' says he, planting himself on a bench while I give the flowers their nightcap.

"'Do you want me to tell you?' says I.

"'Sure, Teck,' says he; 'fire away.'

"'You're not doing your duty by your boys,' says I. 'You don't make a companion of them and they feel it. They're no longer babies. They are growing up and you don't know them and they don't know you. You're like that man Babbitt in the story book—your children are no more to you than the buttons on your coat.' Before you know it a Fifth Avenue flapper or Broadway lobster will have Bob, and no one to blame but his dad.'

"'You should have seen him,' chuckled Teck. "He jumped from the bench and shook his cane.

"'You dare talk like that to me! You're the park gardener and not the children's father.'

"'That I'm not,' says I, 'but I'm telling you the God's truth.'

"He strutted out of the park like a prize cock. But a month later he came back. 'I want to thank you, Teck,' says he, putting out his hand. 'The kids have been taking me to all the places you took them. I'm having the time of my life. Aren't my kids wonders?'"

The Booth circle was ready for the season's second sowing of grass seed. It was a job for a cooler day. A lawn mower beckoned from beneath a neighboring tree. Teck responded, and as it rolled over the velvet sward, sparingly desecrated with "Keep Off the Grass" signs, we paced abreast the mower along the gravel path. With us was the smell of new-cut grass.

"It's with children as with flowers," said the park philosopher. "Often I'm asked, 'How is it, Teck, you make things grow so beautiful that won't grow at all in our gardens?' 'All depends,' says I, 'upon the right kind of soil and seed. Knowing when and how to plant, to water, to prune. There's plants that'll drink the sun dry; others thrive best in the shade. It's the same of children. Each requires the right kind of nurture, pruning care. It's when they don't get what's coming to them that they destroy or are destroyed. Get me?"

Gramercy Park has the usual signs: "Pluck No Flowers." "Keep Off the Grass." "Dogs Unleashed Not Allowed," &c. But it is to unwritten Dont's and to Teck's unique "punishment to fit the crime" régime that the park owes its beauty.

Reprimanded once, a second offense lands the juvenile offender on the bench. This tribunal may be anywhere under a friendly tree. Pass Gramercy almost any day and one or three or more urchins may be glimpsed poutingly or resignedly seated on the bench while about them romp and play the goody goodies or the uncaught! Five minutes to half an hour is the bench time limit, according to the magnitude of the offense or the age of the offender. The older boys making the round of the park like college sprinters are not always in training for tournament. Likelier they are "doing time" for a major offense against park preservation.

New comers, no less than their nurses or guardians, soon learn that it's no joke to throw things at birds or squirrels, toss a shoe, sticks, apple cores or fruit stones into the fountain; nail there a hat or slipper meant for the owner's wear; scatter papers on the grass or clutter the walks with toys. Early this Summer a tree trunk was in process of uprooting. A heavy rope was tied around it and the end fastened to the fence rail. The inevitable boy leader discovered what good sport it was to swing on the rope and he rallied his companions until the rope was weighted to the ground. Warned repeatedly to desist, they paid no attention when Teck's back was turned.

"I'll 'can' every mother's son of you," said Teck. And he did. To be "canned," as every Gramercy urchin grown to manhood recalls jolly well, is the crowning disgrace of the key community. To be "canned" is to be expelled. Expulsion from the park for five days was the sentence of the rope swingers. After the first day or so nurses and mothers came with blood in their eye. Why was their charge, their angels kept out of the park? Didn't they pay good money for the privilege of having them there? One by one they cooled down and agreed with Teck that the angels were getting what was coming to them. For they recognized the Czar was imposing the discipline they had not the courage to impose. Had they protested to the Board of Trustees it would have been of no avail, as has many a complainant discovered, for as the gate placard implies, the Superintendent is the court of last appeal.

Ball playing on Sundays is forbidden; deference to the grown ups many of whom have only this one day to enjoy the park. For Teck is a baseball fan, and many the game he stages for both boys and girls. In his absence one Sunday a new boy rallied a team and launched a lively game. Repeatedly the ball hit hat or foot of somebody seated on a bench. No attention was paid to protests. Finally a woman glancing up from her paper caught the ball and refused to give it up. The captain was undaunted. He importuned an elderly couple on a neighboring bench who had shown interest in the sport to pose as his parents and demand the ball.

Next day the incident was reported to Teck. He identified the culprits and dispatched each to the offended woman's house to apologize. It went hard. Every boy protested, but in the end obeyed, for Teck followed them up to see it was done.

Two boys got off with their parents to the country before Teck got them. "Never mind, if they don't come back till Christmas I'll get them, and its 'canned' they'll be until they apologize to the lady."

The honor system that obtains today in many colleges was long since anticipated by the Park Czar. Little children frequently toddle to him and lispingly ask to be put on the bench.

"I pulled a flower when youse wasn't lookin', Teck," says the midget. A self-appointed infantile police force understudies Teck. It is equally ready to "squeal" upon self, companion or grown-up.

"Teck will get you," it warned a youth who strolled over from the Princeton Club on a hot day, and stretching out on the grass in a shady nook was lost in a book.

"Teck, what youse goin' to do to him? He's most bigger than you!" they exclaimed. "Leave him to me. I'll fix him," said Teck. Plucking a "Keep Off the Grass" sign, he strolled across the sward and planted it in front of the trespasser.

"I thought you might be near-sighted," he said.

"Thanks," from the reclining one. "I saw the sign and read it jolly right. It's what make the grass irresistible."

"Do you know, sir, there be from one to two hundred children coming to this park every day? If they and their elders were of your stripe, sir, how long would there be grass a-growing? Do you know what I do to a child that disobeys that sign? I sit him on that bench yonder till he comes to his right senses."

"Corking! I'm ready for my punishment," and the trespasser made for the bench under the eyes of the infantile police.

"Teck wasn't afraid of you, was he!" they chuckled from afar. "Youse bigger than Teck, but he wasn't afraid of you. What did he say to you?

"He told me to sit here until I finish reading this book."

The children withdrew, for they know a sport when they see one.

Teck knows no favor and the children recognize his fairness. Rich and poor fare alike. In the observance and breach of rules, however, his is justice tempered with a fine sense of fitness. The children of five years ago clamored for the "canning" of a lovely old gentleman given to clipping certain blossoms from a border bed. Tenderly he was wont to slip them into his handkerchief and then to his pocket before passing out the park gate. In interest of morale Teck was finally obliged to locate the offender. He was an old actor at The Players. His wife was ill in a sanitarium. When a child she had lived on Gramercy Park. The blossoms plucked were her favorites, and it was to her the devoted old lover took the blossoms secreted in his handkerchief.

"I'm sure he does not mean to steal them," explained the club steward.

"Tell him," said Teck, "to wait until 8 in the evening when the kids be at home in bed, then he may have all the blossoms he can pick."

Mulvaney's Creator As Historian

Virtues and Vices of Kipling's History of The Irish Guards

A Review by
AUSTIN HAY

THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE GREAT WAR. Edited and compiled from their diaries and papers by Rudyard Kipling. Vol. I., The First Battalion; Vol. II., The Second Battalion and Appendices. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THIS record of what the Irish Guards did in the great war is Kipling from first to last. There is the Kipling love of the undaunted, toilsome hero, the worship of the soldier man, the complete insensitiveness to what he would brush aside as the ideals of more milksops and downright cowards. Kipling is not one of those who want what the late Professor William James would term a "moral equivalent for war." The real thing is what appeals to the man who more than any one else in his time has played on the big drum of British imperialism. But Kipling is not only a jingo. Fate also decreed that he should have the gift of the written word, and so in these volumes there is, it almost goes without saying, the Kipling style—the terse, compact sentences, the vivid phrases, the sense of situation, and that peculiar art of his of investing with glamour or at least an air of importance commonplace and even trivial things.

For this reason, of all the chronicles already compiled, or yet to be, of the numerous military organizations which composed the British Army during the war, the story of the Irish Guards will be unique, but it will not add to the author's fame nor attract many readers outside the circle of those who have had some direct personal interest in the doings of the regiment or who have some special purpose as students of military history.

That is not to say the book is dull. Kipling is not capable of such a sin. The book is what he describes it, a compilation, a record, not only of the long series of battles in which the Irish Guards were engaged, but of all their doings—their marchings into the trenches and out again, their times of work and of play, what officers replaced what other officers, and so forth in full detail down to the most careful cataloguing of names. Yet, once the reader picks up the book and gets fairly started, there is always enough interest to keep on, and for the more philosophic mind there is not a little to cause reflection, though perhaps the author never intended to rouse thought to that extent. In a final assay one cannot help feeling that the work is an elaborate attempt by Kipling to "do his bit" in the manufacture of new mater for British hero-worship, to crys.allise for a regiment that had so far done no fighting its own cluster of glittering traditions. With five years of after-the-war disillusionment already behind us, however, it all sounds rather hollow, and the story is rather faded and cheap looking.

Kipling had his special reason for undertaking to act as chronicler of the Irish Guards. He had various ties with them, the closest of all in a son, a young officer who unluckily was killed. Quite apart from this, the regiment has the distinction of belonging to one of the most famous of all military organizations, the British Foot Guards. In all countries and at all times where something in the nature of monarchy has held away there have been various bodies of personal retainers and bodyguards of the royal personage. In Great Britain there are to this day the Yeomen of the Guard, the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Royal Company of Archers, none of them, however, now serving any military purpose. On the other hand, there are guards and household troops who are armed, trained and organized as part of the British Army, namely, the Household Cavalry—three regiments known as Life Guards and Horse Guards—and the Foot Guards, which at the outbreak of the war consisted of three battalions each of the Grenadier, the Coldstream and the Scots Guards and one battalion of the Irish Guards. With the exception of the Irish Guards, these regiments (to which reference is continually made in this book) date back 200 years and more in British history. The Irish Guards came into existence only in 1902, after the South African War, as a result of Queen Victoria's appreciation of the services rendered by the various Irish regiments of the line. The great war, it should be noted in passing, added a fifth regiment to the Brigade of Foot Guards—the Welsh Guards.

The guards enjoy a high prestige, not only because of their close association with royalty and the large proportion of officers who are members of the aristocracy, but also on account of their extraordinarily high standard of military efficiency. No regiments in modern times are more thoroughly disciplined and drilled, more precise in every movement or smarter in appearance. The guardsman has to be the pink of soldierly perfection, whether on ceremonial duty in London or enduring the dangers and burdens of active service. And so when the Irish Guards came on the scene twelve years before the great war broke out they were heirs to more than two centuries of military tradition and prestige. As it is unusual to send household troops abroad in peace time, when at the most only "punitive expeditions" are taking place against some recalcitrant tribe in India or Africa, there had been no opportunity before 1914 for the Irish Guards to display their valor. But when the time came, as Kipling records, they acquitted themselves as creditably as any other regiment in the whole British Army. Moreover, within a year the one battalion grew to two as the demands of the war called for greater numbers.

This, then, is the story of what in comparison with the millions engaged on the British side was just a mere handful of men. It is the story of a couple of thousand men, but not the same two thousand that were fighting in 1915, for both the original battalions, each numbering on an average about 1,000, were wiped out and replaced several times. What happened to this single regiment is typical of the frightful losses which whole armies suffered. At the end of the war "the two battalions had lost in all 2,349 dead, including 115 officers. Their total wounded was 5,720." Despite these casualties, amounting to four times the original strength of the regiment, it retained its identity and carried on its traditions, for there were all the time, even when things were at their worst, enough survivors to imbue the fresh drafts with the spirit of the guards. Nor did the fact that the regiment was Irish cease to make its influence felt even when, in the latter part of the war, there was a falling off in Irish recruits and the regiment had to be brought up to full strength by the inclusion of non-Irish elements.

Since nothing delights Kipling's heart more than to bring forward his favorite fighter, the Irishman, the subject of this book provides him with ample opportunity of glorifying the "Micks," as they called themselves, and exhibiting what we are asked to believe is the "Celtic psychology." Mulvaney in full force is once more on the stage, keeping up his character as the traditional—or fictional—fighting man with whom we became acquainted in Kipling's earlier work.

Conditions in Ireland have no doubt made the inhabitants rebellious and headstrong, but surely, it may be questioned, the Irish must by now have grown weary of being eternally held up as paragons of bellicosity. However, while the conventional notions of national characteristics persist and the "wild Irishman" makes a good type for fiction writers, both the Irish and we ourselves must let Kipling have his Mulvaney, just as we have to concede to him his other fancies, grim or gay. That does not prevent us from protesting that the Irish are no more and no less courageous than other peoples, or from stating the simple fact that what men do or fail to do when fighting and facing death has very little connection with courage or the lack of it. Here Kipling's psychology, like his social vision, is quite antiquated. Philosophically, he belongs to the age of the cave men, for, the whole tribe of glorifiers of war to the contrary, the highest sanity the human race has yet reached must look down upon organized slaughter between nations and peoples as so much imbecility, nothing more and nothing less. No better evidence, though it is not so intended, can be adduced than such a chronicle as Kipling has given us in these two volumes; in spite of himself, he cannot deny the realist that is in him.

Although Kipling declares his intention of compiling the record of the Irish Guards to be strictly objective, it is none the less colored by his prejudices. For example, he drags out again the old, old story of British unpreparedness for war, the legend that the late Lord Roberts, a much overrated intellect and no genius as a soldier, did so much to create. "Bobs," as the British public knew him, in his turn owed not a little to Kipling's publicity work. And both of them have their share in the manufacture of the unpreparedness myth. In actual fact, Great Britain was not unprepared. Her traditional policy was to command the seas; and this she did. As to an army of such size as was eventually built up to fight against Germany, no one ever had the least thought. Even "Bobs" and the most frenzied war-mongers never suggested such a thing. The whole British idea of participation in a European war was the navy first and foremost to keep the seas and an expeditionary force of a couple of hundred thousand men to protect Belgium and for any other secondary purpose for which a small land force might be useful. And that expeditionary force was a most efficient little army. "Behind this regular army were the reserves and—a fact too often overlooked—the Territorials, which the much-maligned Lord Haldane had developed to such an extent that quite early in the war they were fighting in France and Flanders as brilliantly as the regulars.

Lord Haldane had, in fact, been so efficient a War Secretary—probably the ablest man who has ever been the head of the British War Office—that Great Britain's all-round military preparation, quite apart from the valuable help that the Dominions sent, was far more thorough than is generally recognized. But Kipling, who had for years been beating his big drum, prefers to ignore these facts and weave into his story the pet insinuation of the war-mongers.

Forget Kipling, the literary artist, the gifted story-teller, and consider this quite authentic expression of himself, which this compilation is, and we find ourselves confronted with the schoolboy mind. Kipling has never passed beyond the knickerbocker stage of mental development. He still loves to play at Red Indians, though it now takes the shape of dramatising a regiment of "wild Irishmen" instead of a single hero. Kipling belongs to the anachronistic generation of men who still insist on prescribing more war to cure a war-stricken world. The pity of it is that a man of letters should be found in such company. And so we put down the story of the Irish Guards quite convinced that they showed all the commendable qualities of fighting men, but equally certain that all they did and suffered has achieved nothing for the welfare and progress of the world. That, indeed, is all that can be said of any regimental history, except that the Irish Guards have been so fortunate as to have their particular exploits narrated by a writer whose best work had already given him a high place in literature.

Rudyard Kipling.

Caricature by Robert James Malone.

Robert James Malone

Pirates Before the Bar of Justice

PIRATE TALES FROM THE LAW. By Arthur W. Harris. With illustrations by George Avison. 324 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

WHILE the records of the law courts do not necessarily reveal the whole truth and nothing but the truth, they are undoubtedly more to be relied upon than mere popular tradition or the inventions of writers of romantic fiction. It may be presumed, therefore, that Mr. Harris's "Pirate Tales From the Law," which is based entirely upon court records and other authentic documents, presents a reasonably true picture of pirates as they really were. Lest the impression be conveyed that Mr. Harris has given us a dry transcription of official documents, it is well to state here that the stories he tells have all the thrills that one is accustomed to associate with tales of the buccaneers. But he assures us that he has told nothing that is not a matter of record.

Captain Kidd, John Quelch, Blackbeard, John Avery, Tom Green and John Gow—these are the men of whom Mr. Harris writes, with incidental mention of a few others, including Blackbeard's one-time Lieutenant, Major Stede Bonnet. Of the six listed above, Tom Green was not a pirate, but an honest and respectable English sea captain who was condemned and executed for an act of piracy which it was afterward proved he had not committed. The story of his trial and the events which led up to it forms one of the most interesting chapters in the book.

As for the real pirates, Mr. Harris finds that they were not nearly so bloodthirsty as we have been led to believe. Not one of those he mentions was ever so much as accused of making his victims walk the plank. Their killings were done in the heat of battle. Once a ship was at their mercy, they took the crew and passengers prisoners and set them ashore at the first opportunity. Sometimes members of the captured crews joined the pirates voluntarily, and sometimes they were detained forcibly and forced to do the hard work about the ship. In the latter case their lot was not an enviable one, for the pirates were hard taskmasters.

Regarding the loot taken from the captured ships, the romantic tales of vast treasures of gold and jewels are wild exaggerations. Most of the plunder was in the form of merchandise—rum, molasses, sugar, butter, fish, &c. What the pirates could not use themselves they were obliged to sell, and so long as they were willing to sell cheap enough they rarely had any difficulty in disposing of the cargoes. The occasional takings in gold, silver and jewels were small by comparison, and it is not likely that many pirates ever accumulated enough treasure to make it worth while to go to the trouble of burying it. They were free spenders when they were ashore, and if any one grew rich as the result of their depredations, it was probably the rum sellers.

The most satisfactory pirate in Mr. Harris's collection is Blackbeard. He was the real swashbuckler, and as cruel and bloodthirsty a villain as one would care to read about. He met his death by the sword, not by the hangman's noose.

Praise of the Middle West

Some Things to See West of Chicago and Where the Traveler May Find Them

Charm of the "Main Street" Country—The Open Road in Southern Minnesota. *From a Painting by Edward Stratton Holloway.*

SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST. By John T. Faris. Illustrated. 234 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

VARIOUS phases of the Middle West have been in process of discovery by the rest of the country for, lo, these many years! Every now and then it makes itself heard very distinctly on economic questions, as it is doing now. A few years ago it took such a decided political stand as caused all the other States to gaze and gasp in astonishment. And it has grown so accustomed to hearing itself called "The Heart of America" and "Our Great Inland Empire" that it listens to such descriptions without even an accelerated heartbeat.

The Middle West is proud of its progress and its prosperity, its wheat and corn and cotton fields, its oil wells, its zinc and copper and coal mines, its railroads and its commerce, its universities and its museums, and it expects its visitors to be duly impressed by them. But even the Middle West itself has never supposed that it was worth going to see just for the sake of its intrinsic beauty and interest. It has been so chastened by the contemptuous epithets of cross-continent travelers and has grown so accustomed to hearing itself described by them as "uninteresting," "commonplace," "flat," "ugly," "boresome," that it will be delighted to learn that other eyes than its own have discovered that it possesses ample wherewithal for charm and beguilement. Not that the Middle West has not for a long time known all this itself, and much more besides. There will be no news for it in Mr. Faris's handsome and revealing volume. But it will be highly gratified to find that some one from outside its own boundaries has had the insight to discover its allurements.

Not only the Middle Westerner, but many another who has spent time enough within the region to make acquaintance with its beauties, will think that Mr. Faris hardly gives credit enough for scenic loveliness and variety. Those who know the transcendent beauty of the Middle Western Spring, when all the earth is so impossibly green and the redbud glows along valleys and hillsides in great masses of mauve flame, when the wild crabtree buds in perfection of color and fragrance, and miles upon miles of orchards, peach and apple and cherry and pear, toss their banners of pink and white against a sky of purest blue, or who have experienced the Autumn wonders of its golden Octobers, will wish that Mr. Faris had said a little more about some of these alluring qualities. It is true that quite often he makes a sweeping gesture, calling attention to the beauty of a landscape, and it is also true that he had such a multiplicity of things to write about in all the vast extent of territory that he covers that he had to pass by many interesting features with the merest casual word. On the whole, one wonders more that he has managed to include so many and so various matters, and every one of them fit to intrigue the attention of any traveler or reader capable of being interested, than that he has had to omit here and there things very much worth while. For his book is packed full from cover to cover with interesting matter clothed in attractive, interesting style. There is in it, indeed, an amazing amount of information, historic, geographic, scenic, industrial, geologic, commercial, general, all of it well organized, presented in orderly manner and so embellished with anecdote and allusion as to make it always entertaining.

Mr. Faris starts on his personally conducted tour, which is to acquaint his readers with the wonders, the beauties and the interests of the Middle West, by taking them on a steamer trip up the Great Lakes, landing at the cities, investigating the islands and the shores, studying the ports along the way, interpolating bits of history that give uniquely interesting background to subsequent development and indicating modern values and importance of mines and other industries. At Duluth he leaves the lakes and sets forth into Minnesota, "the State of furs and pines and of ten thousand glacier-made lakes, of iron and copper, of Indian troubles and railroad scandals, of sturdy settlers and contented descendants." He rouses the reader's curiosity by captioning this section "Around Water-Bound Minnesota," and then satisfies it by taking him on such a trip by lakes and rivers as almost substantiates the title. Thence he goes up into the Dakotas, turns southward into Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma; then north again through Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, voyages down the Mississippi as far as Cairo, jumps over to Pittsburgh and takes passage on a boat that carries him down the winding Ohio River to its mouth, travels round about through "the marvels of Illinois," introduces the reader to "beautiful Indiana," and in a final chapter journeys up and down half a dozen or more of the rivers of Ohio.

The very greatest variety of things interests our guide on all these wanderings, although he has time to set before us only brief mention of each. He keeps the historical background always in mind, and there are few readers who will not get from the book a new and larger understanding of the rich and varied and humanly interesting story of the discovery, exploration and settlement of the Middle West. On the Great Lakes he follows in the wake of the forty-five-ton Griffin, in which La Salle and his men worked their way from the present Buffalo to Green Bay in the Summer of 1679, and remembers numberless outstanding incidents and exploits and adventures and small beginnings of great things associated with the lakes and their shores. In Missouri he reminds us that Daniel Boone lived for a time on the Gasconade River as a Spanish Magistrate on a tract of 800 acres and that slavery was introduced by the early French explorers, who brought in many negro slaves from Santo Domingo to work lead and iron mines. Among the early residents or visitors of Oklahoma were General Zachary Taylor, who was commander at Fort Gibson; Jefferson Davis, who as a young Lieutenant in the army there courted and eloped with the General's daughter; Henry M. Stanley, who was a school teacher in the town surrounding the fort; Washington Irving, who spent a season there while writing "A Tour of the Prairies," and Longfellow, who followed him a little later. We learn how Johnny Appleseed won the title of "Patron Saint of American Orchards," how Winona, the Indian maid, for the love of one whom her tribe would not allow her to marry, sang her death song from the high bluff of the Mississippi known now as Maiden Rock and jumped into its waters; why "Remember the Raisin!" became a battle cry throughout the War of 1812; about the Mound Builders and inspect some of their monuments; listen to the story of the Chisholm Trail; hear how the French explorer Le Sueur discovered copper in Minnesota at the end of the seventeenth century and was lost at sea and with him the ore he was taking back to France and the secret of where he had found the treasure; are told how pious Americans thanked God, no longer ago than the days of Andrew Jackson, that in His wisdom He had placed the barrier of the unusable land of the Dakotas along the Missouri River "to prevent the United States from straggling loose-jointed across the continent"; hear the story of Samuel Brady's famous legendary leap across a gorge twenty-five feet wide whereby he saved himself from pursuing Indians, and so on through all the wide region. In each locality Mr. Faris finds much that is worth while to mention of historical consequence or human interest and follows the story of the section down through the years, touching lightly in a sentence or two its outstanding features.

Eads Bridge, St. Louis, at Dawn.

But all this is merely the background and the perspective afforded by the eager generations that have crossed the scene and left their impress upon it. The greater part of his narrative is occupied with what the traveler sees and learns of present-day status, affairs and conditions as he goes up and down the States of the Mississippi Valley. It is a varied story, interesting in every one of its phases. This extract from his brief account of the Ozark country is an example of his method of treatment: After telling something of the huge mining industry of the region and the millions of tons of rich lead and zinc and iron ore that have been taken out of it and indicating the high points of its history and its present development, he goes on:

> But the Ozark country, famous as it is for its lead and iron and zinc, deserves to be even better known for its glorious scenery; its remarkably uniform summit levels; its curious sink holes, due to collapsing cavern roofs in the limestone country of the east; its caves further south and west, where onyx deposits are plentiful; its great game preserve in Taney County; its disappearing streams; its springs down in Ozark and Shannon Counties, some of them the largest in the world; its unusual water power on rapid, rock-walled streams, the possibilities of which are revealed by the dam and plant of the Ozark Power and Water Company, on White River, near Forsythe. * * * The beautiful Ozarks are the most centrally located highlands in the United States. They cover a region larger than England in five States, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Illinois, though the greater portion is in Missouri. There they comprise practically half the State. Fortunately, the name of this highland district is as pleasing as the country—though some of the people who live there do not think so. It sounds like an Indian name, but it isn't; in vain philologists will seek its derivation, until they have the simple key: it is a contraction of the French "Aux Arcs." In early days, when travelers spoke of going to the French port on the Arkansas, they said, briefly, they were bound "Aux Arcs." With ease this expression was contracted to Ozarks. At first the new words meant the River Arkansas, then its basin, next the highlands north of it.

Manifestly, with so immense a tract to cover, and one so rich and so varied in both natural features and phases of development, it was impossible for Mr. Faris to include all matters of importance and interest. So it is not surprising that he tells so little of the Summer and Winter resorts that the Middle Western people have developed within their own region. He does mention some mineral springs, in one or two localities; but he makes no reference to the famous French Lick Springs of Indiana, while he has omitted altogether the importance of the Minnesota lake region and of parts of Michigan and Wisconsin as Summer resorts and of Oklahoma as a refuge from the rigors of Winter in the northern part of the Middle West. One notes an occasional lapse from accuracy, as when the author confuses two historic cities in Kansas and mislays the northern end of the Chisholm Trail, but with all the multitude of names and the thousands of localities with which he deals it would have been little less than miraculous if he had wholly escaped error.

Among the thousand and one fascinating things about which Mr. Faris writes are the possibilities for canoe trips on the upper reaches of the Mississippi and its attendant lakes; the story of the iron ranges of Minnesota and their development; memories of the days of steamboat traffic on the Mississippi and the Ohio; the sand dunes of Indiana on the shores of Lake Michigan; the story of the building of the Eads Bridge at St. Louis; Scott's Bluff in Nebraska and the heroic adventure that gives it its name and its scenic and geologic interests; the mines and the mountains and the landscape marvels of the Dakotas. Here is one of several descriptions in his chapter on "The Land of the Dakotas":

> But the loftiest and most sublimely rugged mountain lies to the south, and is approached by a road that will be famous some day because of the variety of country through which it passes and the thrills that come in climacteric succession. The engineers of the Harney Forest should have the heartfelt thanks of all who delight in nature's grandeur because of the last difficult miles of the road, perched precariously above Sunday Gulch, climbing up the shoulder of Harney Peak, hurtling around jutting crags, finally tunneling through a massive ledge of granite that pokes its nose in the way. It is impossible to make that climb rapidly, not because the path is so difficult, but because frequent long pauses must be made to look off to the valley far below, up at the precipice above, or down in the gluch where the waters roar. Everywhere are great rocks and pinnacles, balanced boulders and crags of weird shape. And spruce trees—spruce trees above, spruce trees across the gulch, spruce trees in the depths.

Much has been written about the scenic beauties and the varied interests of New England, about the climatic delights and the flowers and the landscapes and shores of Florida and the Pacific Coast, about the wonders and fascinations of New York City and Washington. And so it was about time that some one with an eye to see and a mind to appreciate should tell the tale of the attractions of the Middle West. Mr. Faris has done it very well indeed, and his volume is to be especially recommended to those numbers of travelers across the continent who had traversed the Middle West with unseeing eyes, firmly believing there was nothing there worth looking at, so that they can learn how much they have missed. It is to be recommended also to all others who would like to spend some delightful hours visiting in imagination this lovely and wonderful region and to those who desire to learn a little more about their country.

The illustrations, of which there are almost a hundred, deserve their own separate word of mention and praise because of their variety, excellence and beauty.

Most Famous of Pharaohs

An English Authority on Tut-ankh-Amen and Egyptian Religion

A Review by
CHARLES DE KAY

TUT-ANKH-AMEN: Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism. By Sir Ernest A. Wallis Budge. Texts, Translations and Illustrations. 100 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

SIR ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE is keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. When the Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter discovered the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen the former suggested that Sir Ernest should issue a small book to give the public an idea of what is known concerning this Pharaoh and add some chapters on the worship of the sun under the names of Amen and Aten, and treat also the difficult theme of monotheism in Egypt. Amen in later times was represented by Jupiter Ammon, the oracle of the western oasis, consulted by Alexander the Great, who is alleged to have informed him by the mouth of his high priest that he, Alexander, was not the son of his father, King Philip of Macedon, but mystically yet actually the offspring of the god himself. It will be recalled how this assertion of a divine parentage turned young Alexander's head and how some of his Macedonian comrades resented the readiness Alexander showed to receive divine honors from the Orientals he kept about him after his return from India. Also one may recall the petulent remark of his mother, who very naturally resented this stigma placed by her ambitious boy on her own fair fame.

In reading "Tut-ankh-Amen" these episodes in Alexander's life will recur when we find the priests of Egypt assuring one Pharaoh and another that they are not sons of *their actual fathers* but the offspring of one or other manifestation of the sun god. More than a thousand years lay between Tut-ankh-Amen and Alexander. Pretty much all of the vast temples had disappeared; the power of the priesthood on the Nile was a memory; but here in the remote western sand wastes a temple survived where a priest was ready to infect the Greek barbarian's mind with the same ambition to play the demigod.

Why Lord Carnarvon wanted the book issued is more than hinted when the author alludes to Egyptian monotheism, "which has been so completely misrepresented." Since the Jews increased in numbers while in Egypt, and, leaving thence, brought with them much more than the gold and jewels of the Egyptians, namely rites and habits and customs that are still in vogue, it was natural that Egyptologists and others should look to Egypt for traces of worship of a single god. In a narrow riverland where gods of all kinds abounded—bird, cat and dog gods, bull, crocodile and hippopotamus gods—it was tempting to search among these crude symbolisms for gods of grander kind; and they existed. But the closer question was to find evidence that the Jews found in Egypt the root idea from which they evolved their Jahveh. The present book does not decide—indeed, it does little more than formulate—this question; it offers such facts as the inscriptions contain and leaves it to the reader to make such deductions as he may.

The Nile could show a frog-headed goddess attendant on Thoth, but many inscriptions claim One-nem for certain superior gods, inclusive not only of heaven and earth, as they exist now, but of the primeval matter whence the visible universe proceeded. Thus a papyrus in the museum at Cairo published by Grébaut in 1875 with French translation contains a hymn to Amen, sung to music by men and women in the temples, in which the god is thus hailed:

IMAGE ONE, maker of everything that is,
ONE ALONE, maker of things that are.
Men proceed from his eyes.
The gods come into being by his utterance;
Maker of green herbs, vivifier of the cattle,
The staff of life of the Hemmemet beings,
Making the fish to live in the river
And the geese in the sky,
Giving air to the creatures in the egg,
Making to live feathered fowl,
Making *Khennur* birds to live
And creeping things and insects likewise,
Providing food for the mice in their holes
And making the birds to live on every branch.
Chief of the Great Nine Gods,
ONE ALONE without a second.

The Aten cult was an intrusive worship introduced by Amenhotep IV. of the eighteenth dynasty, who began his reign about 1376 B. C. It was sun worship like that of Amen, and from our point of view there does not appear sufficient reason for the antagonism it roused, except it be that the powerful priesthoods resented the loss of income it must have occasioned them. Tut-ankh-Amen, who married a daughter of that Pharaoh, reversed his father-in-law's policy and treated him as a heretic, removing his cartouches from inscriptions and favoring the priests of Amen in many ways. Professor Breasted has written a charming book about this heretic Pharaoh, though his romantic version of a very obscure period does not fail to rouse opponents among the Egyptologists. Apropos of which, one may quote from the preface of this book a few lines of the passage that refers to the late Lord Carnarvon:

> For sixteen years he devoted himself to excavations in Egypt and he gave them time, energy and money on a scale which no other archaeologist has ever done. The spirit of Ancient Egypt gripped him nearly twenty years ago and every year that passed strengthened its hold upon him. The dry bones of Egyptian philology left him cold, and when Egyptologists squabbled over dates and chronology in his presence his chuckle was a delightful thing to hear. But he was fired by the exquisite beauty of form and color which he found in the antiquities of Egypt. * * * His quest for the beautiful in Egyptian design, form and color became the cult of his life in recent years. His taste was faultless and his instinct for the true and genuine was unrivaled.

Returning to the worship of Amen, the Pharaoh, whose mummy probably lies in the unopened part of his tomb, had a short reign and inglorious, so far as foreign conquests go. It may be that all the wonderful things found in his tomb will throw no great light on the history of his period, but seems sure that they will do much for a better understanding of Egyptian art—which is really a matter of more importance. The likenesses of the heretic King who favored Aten the Sun Disk are singularly realistic for Egyptian work. Judging from a seated profile view of Amenhoten IV. in the British Museum and a profile of his head on a sphinx, he was anything but handsome, yet the hymns in which a Pharaoh was identified as a god, the son of a god, are apt to call him "beautiful." Perhaps an alienist might look at these portraits and rate him as mentally affected. A bas relief in the Ashmolean at Oxford shows two of his little daughters seated on cushions, wearing nothing but necklaces and earrings. They have retreating foreheads and curiously elongated craniums. Of Tut-ankh-Amen we have very scant portraits, perhaps owing to the shortness of his reign compared to that of his father-in-law. His painted portrait seated as ruler receiving tribute from people on the Nile to the southward is a purely conventional affair.

Wallis Budge devotes his first chapter to the reign of Tut-ankh-Amen, the second to his turn-back toward the old worship of Amen and the fourth and fifth to the Aten cult of his predecessor. One chapter gives the hieroglyphs and translation of a double hymn addressed to Amen and Aten both; three other chapters are hymns to Aten alone, while another gives hymns to Ra. The book has more to do with Amenhetep IV, than with Tut-ankh-Amen. Probably next year we shall learn much more about the latter, especially so if that inner chamber does really contain the Pharaoh's sarcophagus and body.

When one reads these addresses to the gods their monotonous quality forces itself on the attention; the composer strains his invention in order to accumulate variations on the same theme, namely, the glorification of the god. The gamut of honorific titles of the deity is run, and only occasionally comes a glimpse of other scenes, as in the bit from a hymn to Amen-Ra quoted above. In a hymn to Aten the Disk of the Sun we hear of the homage paid him by apes:

> He maketh the seasons from the months.
> He loveth the heat of Summer.
> He loveth the cold of Winter.
> He maketh every member of the body droop.
> He embraceth every land.
> The apes cry out in adoration of him when he riseth daily.

With regard to monotheism: the famous and much-translated Longer Hymn to Aten has been compared in parts to some of the Hebrew Psalms and thought to show belief in a god like the Jahweh of the Hebrews. But if we examine the hymn (it is given here in full) and compare it with those to Ra, Amen and other gods, we find, says this author, that there is hardly an idea in it which is not borrowed from the older Egyptian books. "There is nothing spiritual in them, nothing to appeal to man's higher nature. * * * A very interesting characteristic of the hymns to Aten is the writer's insistence on the beauty and power of light, and it may be permitted to wonder if this is not due to Mitannian influence"—Mitanni is supposed to be Georgia or Armenia and the influence resulting from the marriage of a Pharaoh to a princess of Mitanni in a previous reign—"and the penetration into Egypt of Aryan ideas concerning Mitra, Varuna and Surya or Savitri the Sun god. Aten, or Horus of the Two Horizons, corresponds closely to Surya, the rising and setting sun; Ra to Savitri, the sun shinging in full strength—'the golden-eyed, the golden-handed and golden-tongued.'"

By showing that one-ness was claimed for several high gods of Egypt by their hymn writers, Wallis Budge proves that the heretic Pharaoh was neither original nor alone in that idea. It is impossible for Amenhetep IV. to have indulged in the philosophical speculations as to the unity of God with which he is sometimes credited, he remarks, but which were only evolved by the Greek philosophers a thousand years later.

A very pretty quarrel for Egyptologists.

Tut-ankh-Amen on His Throne.

Other New Books On Old Egypt

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE. By E. A. Wallis Budge. Illustrated. 280 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THE LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By E. A. Wallis Budge. Illustrated. 272 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

EGYPTIAN HISTORY AND ART. With Reference to Museum Collections. By Mrs. A. A. Quibell. Illustrated. 178 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. Stories of Egyptian Gods and Heroes. By F. H. Brookesbank. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. 256 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

MIGHTY was Tut-ankh-Amen and great is his power even now! He has been dead thirty centuries, but he has just set all the civilized world, a world immeasurably bigger than that which circumscribed his influence when he was alive, to reading, thinking and talking about him and the people he ruled. These four books add their small measure of evidence to the mass of proof that a man may die and be all but forgotten for centuries upon centuries and then suddenly rise into a resurrection of interest and influence that makes even the features of his countenance known to more people than ever heard of him before in all the thousands of years since he was born. For if his tomb had not been discovered last Winter not one of them would now be offered to the readers of a continent undreamed of by him.

The two excellent histories by Budge were, it is true, written and published—and forgotten—in England several years ago. But the popular interest in and curiosity about Egypt which suddenly sprang into life last Winter brought them to the surface again. This is their first publication in the United States. Budge writes with authority, for he has been a life-long student of the history, literature and affairs of the ancient peoples of Egypt and Assyria.

In the volume dealing with the history of the Egyptians he begins with a description of the country and its life-blood stream, the Nile River, and then takes up the relics and probabilities of the Egyptians of the stone ages. With the dawning of historical time he follows the successive dynasties down through the centuries, merely glancing at the outstanding characters and achievements and distinguishing features of each, until Egypt was conquered by the Turks early in the sixteenth century and became a Turkish province. The remainder of the work, about one-third of it, is devoted to an account of the religious beliefs that formed so important a part of the life of the Egyptians, a graphic description of their daily life, and an exposition of their funerary ceremonies, their tomb-building, their worship of the dead and their art of embalming. A bibliography and a list of the kings by dynasties complete the volume.

The book dealing with the literature of the ancient Egyptians is almost wholly composed of extracts. But first there is a chapter devoted to Thoth, the god to whom the Egyptians believed themselves indebted for the art of writing, and an account of how they practiced that art. There are extracts from the Pyramid Texts, the Book of the Dead and other sources of information, and these are assembled in groups that exemplify historical and autobiographical literature, tales of magic, of travel, of adventure, fairy tales, poetry, moral and philosophical works. Sources are described, extracts are linked together by running comment and a sufficient background of life and history is provided to make the book a graphic presentation of the intellectual achievements of this ancient people.

Mrs. Quibell's book on "Egyptian History and Art" is intended primarily for the use of students of Egyptology who are visiting museums. It is, therefore, limited in its full appeal to those who have at least a groundwork of knowledge of the subject, but the beginner and also those whose desire is merely for a little general knowledge will find in it much to help and illuminate their progress. It was first published with reference only to the contents of the Cairo Museum, with which Mrs. Quibell is connected, but last Winter was revised, extended and brought up to date for this present publication. It contains a little information about the Tut-ankh-Amen tomb, but not much, as the revision apparently had been almost finished before this discovery was made. The author treats her subject chiefly from the viewpoint of the artistic products of the various ages, but relates these with the history and the life of the people, as outgrowth and expression, thus making the work really an exposition of the character and achievement of the Egyptians. The plates and text illustrations are used as examples of the various phases of art, and the reader is told in what museum each can be found.

"Legends of Ancient Egypt" is an example of what sometimes happens when an author attempts to make a wholly popular presentation of his subject—it is so much popularized that it loses most of its original flavor. F. H. Brookesbank begins by describing the life and religious beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, then takes up the several stages of the story of Isis and Osiris and then goes on to tell the stories of the builders of the pyramids, the obelisks and the temples and, through tales of achievement, follows the outline of Egyptian history down to the death of Cleopatra.

Twice-Told Tales From Diplomatic History

Britain's Foreign Policy of a Century Ago

A Review by
CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF FOREIGN POLICY, 1783-1919. Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Litt. D., F. B. A., and G. P. Gooch, M. A., Litt. D. Vol. II.: 1815-1866. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

EXTRAORDINARILY timely is the reaction one gets from the story of this confused half century, more than half a century behind us. Dead are the issues, but being dead they yet speak, and what is still stranger, the further back they are the more they speak the language of 1914-1923. When you get as far back as the ten years following Waterloo, you find the diplomats and their interpreters talking the language of this very day and even going beyond it. They, too, at the end of a great world war, stretching at times from Finland to Asia, and even dragging the United States in during the last three years of warfare, in its same peculiar and independent fashion, were struck with consternation and set about making war impossible. Their motives were generally at least as pure, their language even higher, and the lengths to which they went nearer to the extreme. The dissolution of their purpose did not come for thirty or forty years after its promulgation, though, as in the present case, infractions had begun with the beginning.

Where the likeness is not so extraordinary, it is because our rage for making an end of war was exceeded. Even England, the most skeptical of the powers and the one first to perceive the will-o'-the-wisp nations were chasing, was so deep in it as to think of "making war on war," outlawing it, as Senator Borah would say today. In Castlereagh's Circular to all British Ministers, dated Jan. 1, 1816, the day after Waterloo, so to speak, he directs these Ministers to make certain suggestions to the foreign Courts to which they are accredited. One of these suggestions is that they agree, whenever they cannot prevent a war, "to combine the powers of Europe against that State whose perverted policy or criminal ambition shall first menace the repose in which all have a common interest."

Make war on it, in other words, and reduce it to order—an international police, or, in the diplomatic slang of that day, an armed guarantee. He had suggested it before, at the Congress of Vienna. Yet Castlereagh was the least sentimental and most hard-headed of all British Ministers in modern times. He has always been looked upon as stodgy, though this book industriously clears his reputation of that, not by argument but by facts. The first Alexander was sentimental and religious, and his proposal of a Holy Alliance—not his phrase for it, by the way—to keep the peace of Europe proceeded not only on all the moralities of our own time, but on the sacredness of the Christian faith. Not only because it was morally right to avoid shedding blood, but because it was Christian and the will of God, did he earnestly propose this League of Nations. It was outspokenly, as he designed it, a five-power league, though it was speedily whittled down to three effectives, and we have not yet had time to forget how, when it came to the crisis, the Versailles Conference of 1919 became a four-power league. There is nothing strange about this, and has been nothing strange about it since its prehistoric origin; in the last decision the strong man cannot submit the decisions of his strength to the weak man. England and Germany cannot, in vital matters, submit to Siam and Bolivia. Alexander's only difference with us was that he saw this while we pretended not to see it.

England would not join any such League, though, being even more anxious than some of the others to preserve an eternal peace, she doubtfully encouraged it — just enough, as the Cambridge historians say in passing, to excite the suspicion of the United States. That, however, did not last long, for the question of the revolting Spanish-American Colonies had to come up for settlement within a few years, and when that happened neither England nor America could permit the Holy Alliance to intervene and restore peace. For a time England was willing to consent to mediation, for a reason that is astoundingly up to date; it was because a Congress to consider mediation would force the Holy Alliance to lay its cards on the table and take the public into its confidence instead of whispering in back rooms—in other words, it would bring about what President Wilson was later to call "open covenants, openly arrived at." "Whatever," wrote Castlereagh, "may be their sentiments upon this difficult and complicated measure, it is much better that they should be avowed openly in discussion than to be suffered secretly to operate to disturb the general harmony."

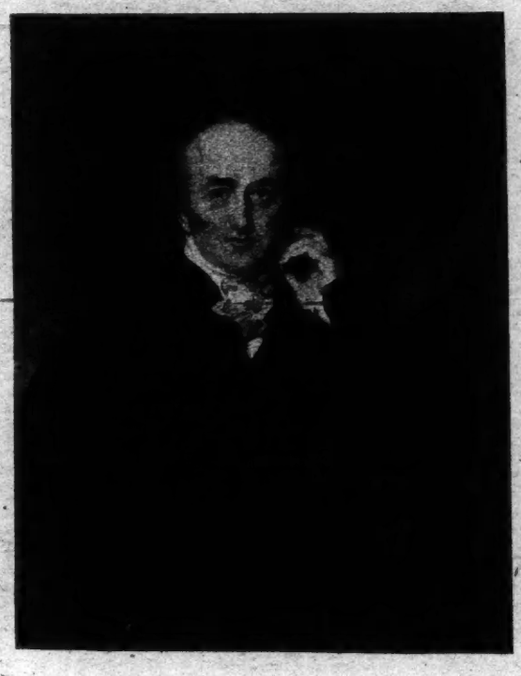
But Spain wanted the international police to put her rebels down, not mediation; and from then on England and the United States were constantly conferring on how to stop her. Rather unnecessarily the Cambridge historians undertake to prove that Canning was not the author of the Monroe Doctrine and had nothing to do with it. He certainly was not the author of it in its final form, for in that form it included England as much as Spain, and he had not done anything to advance it for some time before John Quincy Adams at last drafted it. But this eternal argument about who made the Monroe Doctrine is of no more consequence than would be an argument about what particular penholder and nib scratched it on the paper. It was the slow product of many minds, among which it may be that the most potent of all was Jefferson's. Him the Cambridge historians barely mention once, but Madison and Monroe both paid him unquestioning allegiance throughout their terms of office. The historians merely link him with Madison as one of two ex-Presidents who urged Monroe into action.

Adams was not a Jeffersonian, but he, too, was developing theories along the same line, and finally wrote the Doctrine in its final form. Monroe, fully in sympathy with it, signed it. Even then it was not quite what Jefferson, Canning or any of its other authors, Adams included, would have written with a free hand. On the British side, Castlereagh had actually made a draft himself when he died; and this was handed down to Canning, who proceeded to carry it into effect. At one time he and Richard Rush, the American Minister in London, actually began the draft of an Anglo-American agreement on the subject of keeping Europe out of South America, which Rush had the power to sign. This American statesman, now almost forgotten, played a great part in European and American politics in the administrations of both Canning and Castlereagh, and his country was wonderfully well served by him.

The Monroe Doctrine and Canning's statement of Great Britain's attitude set the South American colonies free. Another curious foretaste of our own times is given in the fact that Bolivar, upon the obtaining of this freedom, immediately called a Pan-American conference. It was such a failure, owing to the still turbulent character of "the States lately in rebellion" and to the rapidly developing Jingoism of the United States, that not until 1881 was Secretary Blaine able to revive the subject, and not until the calling of the A B C conference by President Wilson did it become anything more than a subject for mutual suspicion. Perhaps it would be fairer to date the actual beginning of practical Pan-Americanism from Secretary Root's reassuring visit to South America.

After this there could be no truce with the Holy Alliance, and as France had been from the first too practical and too much on the lookout for her own interests to take it seriously it began to show itself more and more for what it was—no peace panacea. The holiness part wore thin. The overthrow of the Bourbons in 1830 put an end even to the pretense on France's part, and before long she and Great Britain were actually in alliance. Meanwhile, the exigencies of Russia's situation were more and more often compelling Russia to make moves which were very far from preserving the peace of Europe. As for Austria, then the key of Europe, Metternich had never taken any stock in Alexander's moral and spiritual rhapsodies, but had joined in with him solely because to do so would profit Austria; and now Austria's profit, too, often lay on the side of war.

In this situation Palmerston advanced the British policy a step further. England had always of late favored the balance of power, but Palmerston now made it the keystone of the arch. Whatever office he happened to hold, he devoted his long life to creating as nearly exact a balance in Europe as might be, and this was why he restrained his liberty-loving fellow-countrymen from rushing to the rescue of oppressed nationalities wherever such a movement might overweigh the scales in one direction or another. When Nicholas I., a far different Czar from Alexander, began to sniff around Turkey, the English, thoroughly Palmerstonized, went to war on behalf of Turkey; and in summing up the Crimean War the Cambridge historians are inclined to think, on the whole, it was a good thing they did.



George Canning.

William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne.

One thing that immensely influenced all the European statesmen at that time was the mystery of Russia. She was a new factor in European politics, being lately emerged from barbarism under Peter the Great; she was enormous beyond estimate, and she kept her designs to herself, which led people to think that they must be dreadful. Palmerston seems to have been the only statesman who had a glimmering of the truth. The Cambridge historians, quoting Ashley's "Life of Palmerston," says he "once declared that Russia was a great humbug, and that if we went fairly to work with her we should throw her back half a century in one campaign." Russia, barbarized, civilized, and now Bolshevized or Communized—or whatever has happened to her, for the doctors disagree — has existed about 1,100 years; she came into contact with the Western powers through Peter about 200 years ago; and the only thing she has demonstrated in a military way is that she is too big to conquer. There is not so much to worry about in that, the less so as every time she tries to conquer anything above the size of a Tartar tribe she fails.

At this point it becomes necessary to mention the extraordinary clearness with which this company of historians has brought out the course of this erratic and sordid half century and made it mean something. After Castlereagh and Canning one finds no first-class mind, but the figure of England herself rises ever more and more distinct, and progressing steadily in spite of all handicaps. There is some truth in that old idea that she "muddled through." At the same time, these dull men, of whom we may take Aberdeen as an example, did have an idea of the England they meant to make and did make her. When a man of force, if not of foresight, like Palmerston, was in control, as he was pretty much of the time, she made faster time; but even Aberdeen could not stop the Crimean War, or stop anything else that properly belong to England's progress, as the halting of Russia at that point unquestionably did, and when he was on the side of England's advancement he helped it along in his fat-witted way. To step out of this half century for a moment, not even the British William J. Bryan, Mr. Gladstone, could do much more harm than to dent a little streak of Britannia's helmet once in a while.

But though Palmerston was successful in the main, the balance of power may be no such magic wand as he and, in a measure, his predecessors thought it. But for the balance of power, he thought, we should be at war all the time. Well, we have been at war a good deal of the time under that system, and though wars have been prevented, they were also prevented under earlier systems. What is more to the point, the wars that have been prevented have often been righteous wars, and those that have escaped from under the thumb of the balance of power have often been unjust wars. Furthermore, as the entrance of the United States, Russia, and the small powers in the last war prove, the balance of power is what you make it. The balance of power and the status quo ante are two phrases meaning the same as abracadabra, when a real emergency shows up. Both of them, however, have a real influence in maintaining constant suspicion and large standing armies. Probably, you will say, in their absence you will still have these things. Probably. But if it makes no difference, why worry about the balance of power and the status quo ante? Not that we do worry much about the latter nowadays, and in actual practice we find ourselves unable to bit and saddle the former. That is why everybody is begging the United States to take a hand.

Rather surprising is the discovery that the United States played such an important part in this dark and bellowing half century. You find us filling unexpected chapters and leaping into unexpected pages. Perhaps a history written thirty years ago would not have seen the connection so clearly. It is true that we do not always show up very happily, for these historians are as rigidly impartial toward us as toward Europe; a few of them are even slightly impartial toward England, though one would hardly guess from their account that Palmerston was not a great statesman. In fact he was a short-sighted statesman who was good at patching up things for the moment, and his glory is that, rightly or wrongly, he worked with all his might for England, even to the extent of repeatedly defying a young Queen under the combined influence of her dead predecessor, who considered himself a ruler, and a German husband.

However, there were even fewer statesmen in the other nations at this disagreeable nook in history, and among the blind the one-eyed is King. Metternich is an exception, but his great intellect was all thrown in behalf of a policy which could not succeed more than temporarily and could never do more than escape by its teeth, because it was in opposition not only to the

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Visit to Sir William Orpen

The Painter of Portraits and War Pictures at Home In Bolton Gardens

By CLARA T. McCHESNEY

THE Putney bus carries you to Bolton Gardens. At the head of the street stands a large early Victorian house, immersed in shrubbery, shaded by trees, and encircled by a high wall. It has thousands of duplicates in London, but over the gate is a round blue and white tablet bearing these words: "Here lived Jenny Lind, 1820-1887." Beyond are more walled-in gardens and secluded houses. In the most walled-in and secluded at the end of the row (No. 8, South) is the studio of Sir William Orpen, K. B., R. A., the Dublin-born painter of portraits and war pictures.

The studio, the front room on the second floor, is moderate in size and the walls are light in color. The large side window at the street end is screened at the sides and bottom with thick green curtains. Gone are the green shutters of former days, which Orpen reproduced in his self-portrait, hanging now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This (you may recall) shows his reflection in a long miror, standing, with hat on head and cane in one hand, the other in his pocket. Various bottles and siphons are placed in front at the bottom, while the green shutters form a horizontal-lined background.

But here is Sir William Orpen in the flesh—a lithe, active, smooth-faced little Irishman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, no perceptible brogue, and a great sense of humor. After greeting his visitor, he turned a large armchair with the back to the window, saying: "Sit here, there's where they all do!" flung himself into another chair opposite, lighted a cigarette, his manner plainly indicating, "Now go ahead."

The first question naturally dealt with the motive of Sir William's recent Royal Academy war picture—a canvas which was one of the sensations of the exhibition this Summer, though it is too gruesome, too reminiscent of the horrors of the western front to be popular.

"I thought of nothing," he said, "but simplicity. I was asked to paint a conference of Generals and statesmen in the historic room in the Palace of Versailles where peace was signed. When it was finished I didn't like it, and painted out all the Generals and the like, and changed it to another version of the Unknown Soldier. There are all kinds of Unknown Soldier monuments all over the world, so why should I not give my version? I finally thought of putting in this same room a dead soldier in his flag-draped coffin, guarded by two soldiers. The model for these guards was in a sketch I made at the front. The man was half dead and quite mad."

Here he got out his book, "An Onlooker in France," and showed the reproduction of this sketch—a cadaverous, half-naked, terrible creature.

He went on: "This I used twice, with a few changes. I wanted to put the Unknown Soldier in as fine a setting as possible, and retained this historic room—an exact rendering of it, the gilt and green walls being very carefully, almost photographically, executed. I might have done something better if I had begun first with this idea.

"I enrolled in 1916 in the Royal Army Service, served a year, when I was asked by the War Office to paint the portraits of our Generals, aviators and statesmen as well as those of our allies."

Some of these were exhibited at the Anderson Galleries several years ago and were very highly commended, especially those of the flying men. Orpen's comment was:

"I made these in a pose of two hours, and the boys liked them the best."

His two years' experience (1917 to 1919) painting these portraits and scenes on the battlefields furnished the material for his book, with its modest preface in which he says:

"The only thought I wish to convey is my sincere thanks for the wonderful opportunity to see the fighting man, to learn to revere and to worship him and to convey to those who are left my most sincere thanks for all their marvelous kindness to me—a mere looker-on."

Much of this time was spent in Amiens and vicinity, in Cassel, with an interval in London in June, 1918, and in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. This event he afterward painted and described not without humor.

"The signatures were written without any dignity. People talked and cracked jokes to each other across the table. All the 'frocks' did their bit to perfection. President Wilson showed his back teeth, Lloyd George waved his Asquithian mane, Clemenceau whirled his gray-gloved hands about him like windmills, Lansing drew his pictures and Balfour slept."

Sir William was asked about coming to America.

"They all want me to come over," he said; "but I am too busy here painting portraits. I spend half my time here and half in Paris, painting Americans mostly. There seems to be a fad for them to be done by English artists. I shouldn't think you'd all want me to go over."

He always spoke in short, jerky sentences and very rapidly. In this respect he is very like his old friend, Augustus John. But his manner is different, being very jolly, very kind and very simple. He spoke of John.

"John's two canvases of his sons, 'Robin,' at the Tait Gallery, and 'David Leaning on a Table,' shown at the Alpine Club Exhibition in the Spring, are beauties. The 'Mme. Suggia' [a very impressive life-sized figure of a young woman in a red robe, playing on the 'cello], is bought by an American, but he lives here. It is a great picture, though I do not like the background.

"Yes, Augustus John is a leader in some art circles here. No artist can draw and etch as he can. We are old friends, almost the same age; we went to the Slade School of Art at the same time. Afterward we ran a school for art students. He has a fine war decoration of three soldiers in the Tait now."

Sir William said he thought "The Dead Ptarmigan" (owned in Ireland by Colonel Poe) was the best of his own early canvases as to technique. It shows him as a hunter holding up a dead bird, a gun held in the other hand.

"Why did you make yourself look so fierce?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, with a lamblike expression; "that's the way I want to look!"

On his easel stood a partially completed three-quarter life-size portrait of John McCormack, seated, clad in white flannels, against a cold blue background, and also rather fierce as to expression.

"I am also at work," the painter explained, "on Lord Churchill, Lord Farrington, Lord Winbourne, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster ['.New Duchess,' I said; 'But not new Duke,' was his quick reply]. Then I have what is a new subject for me—a picture of Sargent Murphy, the horse that won the steeplechase this Summer for Mrs. John Sanford.

"Sargent and I do the same people here. We both did all of the Wertheimers. They were splendid to paint, and were satisfied with all the portraits we did of them. Yes, the nine Sargents of them at the National Gallery are magnificent. His Henry James portrait used to hang there, too, but has been transfered to the National Portrait Gallery."

Mr. James presented it to the nation in 1916. On the frame are these significant words: "Naturalized in 1915." Of Orpen's pictures now in the Tait Gallery, "The Mirror" was presented over nine years ago. It is a small picture representing an interior with a young woman, seated, and reflected in an old Dutch mirror. It is very carefully drawn and painted with great detail. Two other oils are at the Tait, one a seated portrait of Sir William McCormick. He has also a superb water color of a nude woman model seated on a sofa, being painted by an artist in shirtsleeves who is seated, at the right, before his easel.

"I paint no more water colors," said Orpen. "All mine were done before the war. Oil is my favorite medium. Those colored drawings you saw at the Chenil Gallery were done long ago. I used a very hard pencil for the drawing; then put in a few washes. They are photographs—reduced."

George Moore was mentioned.

"He's a big man," said Sir William. "We were great friends once. But now"—shortly—"we are bitter enemies. It's too long a story to tell."

Here he paused a moment and was buried in thought. Then he suddenly turned to his portfolio, which was filled with reproductions of his many pictures (he's an astonishingly prolific workman), and brought out a series of very interesting drawings and water colors; these, in single figures and in groups, were preliminaries for important pictures which are in embryo.

"I have never etched, and I never have touched pastels," said Orpen. "I was told they were too difficult. I work only in oils. In composing a picture I build it up gradually. I make many preliminary studies, both in pencil and in color. No, I don't make a plan of the whole, only of its parts. Then I put it together. Sargent, you may know, never makes even a drawing first."

"Suppose," I said, "the picture doesn't happen to 'go,' what do you do, give it up?"

"No," he replied, and with great emphasis: "I go through with it, even if I am disgusted with it; I am bound to pull it through," and adding quickly, "Let's have some tea," ran out to order it.

I looked around the room. An old spinet behind the McCormack portrait was piled high with rows of books. There were several large easels at the back of the studio, with large portraits, partly finished, standing on them. There were a few good pieces of furniture, several fine rugs, a superb tapestry on one wall and an ancient rug on the wall opposite. There were no pictures, no copies from old masters, no studies, no pieces of bric-à-brac, nor of brass or copper; the air of a simple workroom, with little but the essentials. A huge, four-leaved screen was placed behind the model

(Continued on Page 27)

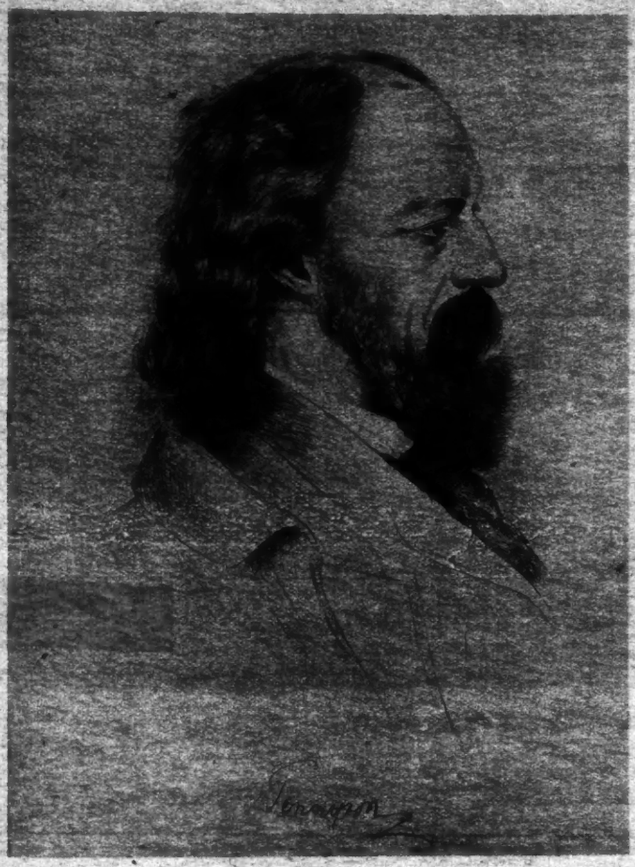
Self-Portrait in "The Dead Ptarmigan." By William Orpen.

Armistice Night, Amiens.

From "An Onlooker in France." Williams & Norgate, London.

Tennyson's Psychology

His Fears and Final Triumph As a Great Lyric Poet



Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

A Review by
PERCY A. HUTCHISON

TENNYSON — Aspects of His Life, Character and Poetry. By Harold Nicolson. 366 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

IT was a foregone conclusion that the Victorians would not long lie quiet in the vast and communistic grave to which they were summarily consigned in the early years of this century. And there were two reasons for this conclusion. First, sooner or later, curiosity about a preceding age is sure to assert itself. And, for a second reason, the Victorians themselves. Whatever may have been their faults of sentimentality, of bewilderment, of intellectual groping, those old fellows had enough virility and sincerity to make them count for something in the long run. A revival, not of Victorianism, but of interest in the Victorians, has for some time been in the air. Of late it has been gathering headway. Soon it will be full upon us. Harold Nicolson's "Tennyson," which is a study of the poet's life, character and poetry, follows close upon "Tennyson, a Modern Portrait," by Hugh Fausset, and is exactly the kind of provocative book to add zest to a new valuation of the nineteenth century.

Harold Nicolson is the English critic whose study of Paul Verlaine gave him the right to be heard as a critic. He is not a man of hasty conclusions; he assembles his data, and then reasons therefrom, generally with care, although not always. He has temperament; but he does not allow his temperament to overshadow his intelligence. And, most important of all, he has taste. The reader may not agree with every pronouncement of Nicolson's—it would be unfortunate if he should. The reader will have confidence in Mr. Nicolson's taste. And he will greatly relish the author's very breezy but at the same time cultured style. The English writer maintains a fine balance between the learned and the popular in his manner of writing. The book is immensely readable, and, as said before, highly provocative.

Nicolson's method of going about his work is admirably direct. He says, and truly, that the difficulty which beset earlier critics of Tennyson was the legend which had sprung up around the Poet Laureate, a legend which emphasized what was of lesser importance to the obscuring of what was of greater importance. Browning, of course, suffers from a similarly pernicious legend; and it will soon be the duty of some one to sweep it away, as Nicolson sweeps away the Tennyson legend. Both Browning and Tennyson became the centre of cults. But, to venture a thought by way of parenthesis, does not the very fact that they could inspire a cult prove their inherent greatness? There is much in present-day poetry which is stimulating, and valuable, and beautiful. I have often taken pleasure in paying my respects to present-day poets. But I fail to see many who are likely to become the creators of cults. Hero-worship may be pernicious in the long run; but at least it presupposes a hero.

But to come back to the Tennyson legend—in what did it consist? Nicolson does not define it in a word, but he makes clear what he means. To his votaries, to the men and women who built for Tennyson a shrine, the Poet Laureate was not a trivial little lyric writer—perish the thought! He was nothing less than the Seer, the Prophet—nay, he was Moses himself. For them Tennyson was the "Civic Bard"; they sat at his feet to gather instruction from his gigantic mind, not to take delight in his verse. And because a succeeding generation perceived that Tennyson's mind was really of very ordinary capacity, and having been blinded to his achievements as a poet, it said in effect, "Away with this Impostor!" But this was where the succeeding generation erred, according to Nicolson. Tennyson is far from being an impostor, once it is perceived that he was really the holder of great lyric gifts, while the function of "Civic Bard" was one forced upon him by his worshippers. Nicolson observes that a supremely great poet would not have permitted his votaries to force upon him a function that was not his by right of endowment. And this is undoubtedly so; and the conclusion that Tennyson was not a supreme poet is warranted. But Nicolson makes it clear that he is not attempting to establish Tennyson as a supreme poet; he is merely seeking to have him placed in his rightful position as a poet whose achievements were, nevertheless, very considerable.

Having disposed of the Tennyson legend, having "let in the sun," as he terms it, Nicolson goes on to give it as his "personal conviction" that Tennyson was a mystic.

For me [he says] the essential Tennyson is a morbid and unhappy mystic. He is the hero of "The Sensitive Mind," of "The Two Voices," and above all, of "Maud." He was a spirit for whom there was an "ever-moaning battle in the mist"—a soul whose fancies mingled

> "with the shallow-rifted glooms
> Of evening, and the moanings of the wind;"

and thus at times there comes

> "A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
> And, as it were one voice, an agony
> Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
> All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
> Or hath come, since the making of the world."

And Nicolson goes on to apply to Tennyson "the Freudian system," although he insists upon rejecting "the jargon of the psychoanalysts." The result is a Tennyson dominated by fear.

Tennyson was afraid of a great many things; predominatingly, he was afraid of death, sex and God. And in all these matters he endeavored (in the rejected "jargon!") to "sublimate" his terrors by enunciating the beliefs which he desired to feel, by dwelling upon the solution he which he would like to be convinced. * * * Only one accepts the realisation of a Tennyson, particularly the younger Tennyson, as a man who was morbidly afraid, one must admit that the process by which he conquered his affliction cannot be described as consciously insincere. And once one is able to dispose of this fatal suspicion of insincerity the real beauty of Tennyson's poetry will triumph of itself.

This excursion into modern psychology to explain Tennyson is an innovation, and should Nicolson's lead be generally followed by critics we may look to see the now somewhat tarnished reputation of Freud take on a new sheen. But Nicolson hardly needed to go so far afield. Or, having gone so far, he should not have limited the application to the Poet Laureate. All of the Victorians wrote in fear of "death, sex and God," with the possible exceptions of Browning and Swinburne. And Browning's revolt was several parts bluster; while every one knows that Swinburne's "paganism" landed him outside the pale. Moreover, Tennyson was not nearly so afraid of "sex" as Nicolson implies, for it would be difficult to find a poet who talks more often of marriage, of mutual love and children. Tennyson insisted, however, upon the decencies with an emphasis, even, that went beyond most. This insistence was all part of an essential part, of Victorianism, as Nicolson himself concedes, with quaint humor. Calling the attitude of the Victorians a "compromise," Nicolson nevertheless finds this compromise not only warranted but "laudable."

> Their object—and it was wholly laudable—was to discover some middle course between the unbridled licentiousness of previous ages and the complete negation of the functions and the purposes of nature. The doctrine of original sin savored of the dissenters, or at least of the evangelicals; asceticism would not only be difficult but even dangerous. It was essential, it was *right* that the British race should be propagated. With a sigh of hope and of relief they decided that this biological necessity could be elevated into a moral—nay, a civic—virtue. And in this way they evolved the idea of the British home.

Similarly he finds that the Victorians compromised on their fear of death and of God. And "In Memoriam" is Tennyson's compromise on these questions, as "The Miller's Daughter" was his concession on sex. Nicolson quotes with some show of acceptance Stopford Brooke's evaluation of "The Miller's Daughter," although it is evident that he does not find himself greatly interested in that domestic idyll.

> "The Miller's Daughter" [writes Brooke] is a simple story of true sweet-hearting and married love, but raised * * * into a steady and grave emotion worthy of a love built to last for life betwixt a man and a woman. This was the sort of love for which Tennyson cared, for which Byron and Shelley did not care, which was not the world where Keats lived at all.

Nicolson's appreciation of "In Memoriam," in view of his lack of enthusiasm for "The Miller's Daughter," seems wholly disproportionate. Admitting his contention that both poems are expressive of compromise, why should a religious compromise be any worthier than a concession on an ethical and civil issue? The answer, so far as Nicolson's position is concerned, lies in the fact that the English critic finds in "In Memoriam" (the Index to the book cites more than fifty references to the poem) the proof of Tennyson's mysticism.

There is something of a vicious circle here; the Poet Laureate is a mystic because he wrote "In Memoriam," and "In Memoriam" is one of his most important poems because it contains the proof of its author's mysticism. From such a circle it would be, of course, impossible to draw any logically sound conclusion as to the merit of the piece when considered purely as poetry. And the fact is that Nicolson finds himself forced to base his appreciation on what are actually extraneous grounds. It would appear that "In Memoriam" is to be ranked among Tennyson's most lasting pieces, not because of its mysticism, but because of the high lyric excellence of many of its passages. If we are to reason conversely, we can only conclude, then, that "The Miller's Daughter" seemed unimportant because of the lack of such lyric virtues, and not because it was a compromise. Such evidence of confusion on the part of the author would be disturbing were it not that Nicolson's "Tennyson" is clearly to be taken as a tentative step toward a new Victorian critique and not as the final word on the poet under consideration.

As a matter of fact, Tennyson's mysticism was not thoroughgoing, and it is more than probable that Nicolson perceived, as he went along, that he had laid a trifle too much stress on it at the outset. Rightly examined, it is hardly mysticism at all; it is an honest attempt to think himself out of the already rising fog of doubt that was to enshroud the middle century, a doubt which had been made emotionally poignant for Tennyson by the death of his beloved friend. "In Memoriam" very obviously, however, falls short of that complete intellectually sentient oneness with the ultimate which is the essence of true mysticism. Considered as a philosophical poem, "In Memoriam" is the mingling of a superficial understanding of the religions of the East with traditional Christian theology. This is clear from the closing lines,

> —and trust,
> With faith that comes of self-control,
> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flowed from, soul in soul.

True mysticism is a state of being, and in it "trust," "faith" and "self-control" has no part; for the true mystic has passed beyond the stages of thought where these are necessary. And that Tennyson never surmounted these stages is made apparent in "Crossing the Bar," where his crying need of a personal immortality—at worst, an immortality in which personal is not entirely wiped out—is evident in the poet's hope to see his Pilot face to face.

But if Nicolson has overestimated "In Memoriam" as a mystic document, his innumerable quotations make it forcibly evident that most of us have been too neglectful of its lyric beauties—now and again its consummate lyric beauties. Whatever quarrel the poet may have had with nature that showed herself "red in tooth and claw," he did not allow this to blind him to the fact that nature was also capable of exhibiting wondrous and manifold beauties. In no other poem does Tennyson bring up such striking pictures of trees in leaf, of flowers, of sea and of plain; in no other poem, except the short "Lotus Eaters," does he take such lavish care to bring into the lines, by means of onomatopoeia and alliteration, the effect of movement, and it is well to have Nicolson call our attention back and to focus it on these things. He more than makes amends for any deviation from logic, for any failure to perceive that Tennyson's mysticism was at best a pseudo-mysticism, when he compels us to stop and realize anew the pure lyricism of the so-called "Wye passage" from "In Memoriam."

> The Danube to the Severn gave
> The darkened heart that beat no more;
> They laid him by the pleasant shore,
> And in the hearing of the wave.
>
> There twice a day the Severn fills;
> The salt sea water passes by,
> And hushes half the babbling Wye,
> And makes a silence in the hills.
>
> The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
> And hushed my deepest grief of all,
> When filled with tears that cannot fall,
> I brim with sorrow, drowning song.

And, indeed, it is as a lyric poet that Nicolson would have us take Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and grant to him the rank that he does not now enjoy. And when he comes to suggest, as he does, his own personal anthology of Tennyson, because of its lyric quality, although he would reject it on all other grounds, "The Princess"—perhaps now the most generally despised of Tennyson's poems—finds a high place. And the reader will find that, in spite of every prejudice, he is compelled to follow Nicolson here when the latter insists that he read again

> Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
> Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
> Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
> The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.

That Tennyson's lyre vibrated, in the main, to a sad cadence, is Nicolson's final word: that a fear of loneliness which the Poet Laureate was never able to dispel, "the low moan of an unknown sea," haunted all of his purest lyric strains; that this underlying sadness is the most compelling quality of Tennyson's verse, and that when it is absent his poetry suffers proportionately.

Nicolson is very nearly right in this, but, like most men with a hobby, he rides too hard and too far, and is carried into at least one grotesque situation in consequence. His utter rejection of "The Idylls of the King" is the most serious flaw in the book.

Forster's Alexandria

A Pageant of History From Menelaus to Allenby

PHAROS AND PHARILLON. By E. M. Forster. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

IT is with an art so simple as to seem almost naïve that E. M. Forster pictures ancient and modern Alexandria in thirteen short essays. With the single exception of "Eliza in Egypt," where he seems to be leaning a bit on Mr. Lytton Strachey's mode of approach, Mr. Forster's brief pictures hark back to no models. There appear to be several reasons for this unqualified success within a hundred and twenty pages. First of all, of course, is the finely poised intellect which approached Alexandria with none of the pre-romantic conceptions, none of the desire to display "color" or to moon about "the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome." It was the late war that flung Mr. Forster into modern Alexandria, and while he was there it is patent that he co-ordinated his mind with his eyes. He saw the city as something more than a ruin and a point of association with ancient times. His sensitive nature received it as a spiritual cockpit, as a place where two civilizations strove for supremacy, where Greece and Asia met at a high point of time, where paganism and Christianity fought one of their last duels. Something formidable and fierce crashed down to nothingness here, and it was a something even vaster than Alexander the Great. Civilized existence spun on its axis here and faced in a new direction.

All of this is implied in "Pharos and Pharilion," without the least approach to a didacticism of any sort. Indeed, the book is permeated with an unforced but leavening humor that is never obvious but which unmistakably fills the reader's mind with a viewpoint that is as logical as it is calmly put. From the first essay, which describes the great lighthouse, the Pharos, which certainly stands in Mr. Forster's mind as a symbol of the old Alexandria, to the charming concluding essay on the poetry of C. P. Cavafy, a modern Alexandrian poet, there is not a false touch in the book. This pageant of Time, which begins with the landing of Menelaus upon Ras el Tin and ends with the guttural shouts of the cotton brokers in the Bourse, is but the slow picture of the gradual destruction of an age of color and madness and pagan pomp into one of materialistic greed. Between the two extremes moves numberless phantoms, Menelaus, Alexander the Great, Clement, St. Athanasius, all the bewildered passions struck to being by the clashing of two worlds. From it all we gather one truth, and this seems to be one of the theses which Mr. Forster would prove: it is only ideas that live. The Copts, for instance, still believe with Timothy the Cat that Christ's nature was single, but Timothy the Cat, the Pharos, the Temple of Serapis, all these visual evidences of spiritual struggle have vanished as though they had never been. The passing of the old city is beautifully expressed in one of C. P. Cavafy's poems, quoted by Mr. Forster:

> When at the hour of midnight
> an invisible choir is suddenly heard
> passing
> with exquisite music, with voices—
> Do not lament your fortune that
> at last subsides,
> your life's work that has failed,
> your schemes that have
> proved illusions.
> But like a man prepared, like a
> brave man,
> bid farewell to her, to Alexandria
> who is departing.
> Above all, do not delude yourself,
> do not say that it is a dream,
> that your ear was mistaken.
> Do not condescend to such empty
> hopes.
> Like a man for long prepared,
> like a brave man,
> like the man who was worthy of
> such a city
> go to the window firmly,
> and listen with emotion,
> but not with the prayers and com-
> plaints of the coward
> (Ah, "supreme rapture,")
> listen to the notes, to the exquisite
> instruments of the mystic
> choir,
> and bid farewell to her, to Alex-
> andria whom you are losing.

Of course, the name of Alexander the Great dominates the city, for was it not his very own? He came there with Dinocrates, the architect, and ordered him to build a Greek city between the sea and the lake. He was a Philhellene. His dream was to extend Greece over the world and it was only after he made the pilgrimage to the Oasis of Siwa and was hailed by the priest in the temple there as "the Son of God" that his aspirations altered. From that moment he no longer regarded Greece as the centre of the world. Mr. Forster sets down his summary of Alexander's life after the beginning of the African city in a prose that is as fascinating as conversation. We almost hear the author speaking.

> The building of Alexandria proceeded, and copied or magnified forms from the perishing peninsula overseas. Dinocrates planned Greek temples and market-places, and they were constructed not slavishly but with intelligence, for the Greek spirit still lived. But it lived consciously, not unconsciously as in the past. It had a mission, and no missionary should ever create. And Alexander, the heroic chaos of whose heart surged with desire for all that can and cannot be, turned away from his Hellenic town-planning and his narrow antiquarian crusade, and flung himself again, but in a new spirit, against the might of Persia. He fought her as a lover now. He wanted not to convert but to harmonize, and conceived himself as the divine and impartial ruler beneath whom harmony should proceed. That way lies madness. Persia fell. Then it was the turn of India. Then the turn of Rome would have come and then he could have sailed westward [such was his expressed intention] until he had conquered the Night and eastward until he had conquered the Day. He was never—despite the tuition of Aristotle—a balanced young man, and his old friends complained that in this latter period he sometimes killed them. But to us, who cannot have the perilous honor of his acquaintance, he grows more lovable now than before. He has caught, by the unintellectual way, a glimpse of something great, if dangerous, and that glimpse came to him first in the recesses of the Siwan Oasis. When at the age of 33 he died, when the expedition that he did not seek stole toward him in the summerhouse at Babylon, did it seem to him as after all but the crown of his smaller quests? He had tried to lead Greece, then he had tried to lead mankind. He had succeeded in both. But was the universe also friendly, was it also in trouble, was it calling on him, on him, for his help and his love? The priest of Amen had addressed him as "Son of God." What exactly did the compliment mean? Was it explicable this side of the grave?
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> It is doubtful if Alexander the Great has ever been approached in this manner before, if he has ever been so sympathetically dealt with and accepted as a personality. The same method is applied by Mr. Forster to those other figures who stand out in the history of ancient Alexandria, Romans, early Christians, fanatic bishops, Ptolemy Epiphanes, the reader observes them as actual personages with the endless veils of legend which have so transmogrified them into other substances than flesh candidly removed.
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> When we turn to the second section of the book, concerned with the modern city, a section in which the sketches are grouped under the name Pharilion after the lesser lighthouse which succeeded the Pharos, we find that the personalities have vanished. It is no longer a city affording background to figures which stand out in bold relief. It is rather an atmosphere with which Mr. Forster has to deal here, and he does it as cleverly, as charmingly, as he treated the major names which we associate with Alexandria. The modern city is not even the empty husk of its old splendor; it is another city entirely, existing with a viewpoint that has no more to do with the ancient Alexandria than Newark, New Jersey. The direction of an old road remains. Walled into some forgotten cellar, legend has it, the body of Alexander lies lapped in gold and laid in a coffin of glass. But the Christian and the Arab have destroyed all else, excepting a few tumble-down ruins, pitiful hints of a past splendor. Alexandria is no longer a city of the soul; it is based on cotton and onions and eggs today, ill-built, ill-planned and ill-drained. It is such a scene as this that Mr. Forster pictures in his last few sketches, a scene where the British Army of Occupation has broken up the Ptolemaic ruins to make roads.
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> It should be emphasized that Mr. Forster's book is by no manner of deduction a history. The facts are quite secondary to his interpretation of them. Rather has he put together a series of spiritual attitudes, brooding over a fragment of fact until he has evolved from it a re-created atmosphere. Therefore the book is quite as much an exposition of the author as it is of Alexandria, and this must be borne in mind during the reading. It is a many-sided contemplative nature that may be observed in the paragraphs of this volume. When the occasion requires he writes with a rare sense of poetical values, setting down lovely descriptions, as in that sketch entitled "The Solitary Place," where he describes the country stretching westward from Lake Mariout: His humor is nearly always in evidence, a subtle, quick observation that is both kind and gentle. And his spiritual unity with Alexandria is, perhaps, the most important aspect of the book. It is a miracle that one so spiritually drawn to the atmosphere which existed should have been set down here during the war. E. M. Forster found himself in Alexandria and Alexandria is to be found in E. M. Forster. The result is an unconscious, careless revelation. Nowhere can the reader discover the professional literary man who, set down in a strange place, thinks, "Well, I may as well keep my hand in by writing about it." What may be found is an unquestioned meeting of affinities.

Alexandria.

Photo © Keystone View Co.

Readjusting the Rural Press

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER. By Millard Van Marter Atwood. National Social Science Series. 137 pp. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.

THE COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER. By Emerson P. Harris and Florence Harris. 378 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PROFESSOR ATWOOD'S brief history of the country newspaper includes not only a chronicle of past achievements but also a careful diagnosis of present needs. It traces the rise in power of the local journal, describes the period of its unlimited sway and then, the gradual lessening of its force and prestige, due to the encroaching claim of the city dailies on rural subscribers.

The book pictures the days when town and city were fairly well cut off from each other, before wires and push-buttons had invaded the farmhouse and gas-driven vehicles scuttled along the dusty roads. Then, the country paper had a free field to conquer and a willing flock to lead. The editor was a man of moment, the mentor of the public intelligence and the guardian of the public pride.

Especially was his word esteemed in matters of national and international significance; in judging local affairs he had to tread more carefully. He had to be guarded in his criticism of the new high school Principal, because his public knew the gentleman in question; but when he spoke of Bolshevism or the League of Nations or their past equivalents, he could make his assertions with a bold uncompromising sweep. He was the high judge of the universe, and his word was law to his public.

But, as Professor Atwood shows, the rule of the local editor declined as the line of demarkation between city and country became less and less clearly defined. And today small towns are no longer isolated communities; telephones, telegraphs and now the inescapable radio are just so many paths of contact with the urban centres. City newspapers are delivered in outside districts almost as promptly as in the cities themselves.

And, what is more, the metropolitan dailies have come to recognize their country following. Awakened to the new hold they are establishing in rural communities, they are strengthening it with all the force at their command. They concern themselves with every phase of country life, and engage special reporters to supply them with news from town and farm and countryside.

As a result of this policy of the city papers, Professor Atwood points out that the townsfolk are adopting the city standards. They, too, want to read world happenings in a paper broad in its outlook, vast in its resources, and backed by recognized authorities. They are deserting the hard pressed jack-of-all trades who has served them so long and so faithfully as editor, in favor of the trained metropolitan critics, reporters and editorial writers.

Professor Atwood's book shows that the power of the country paper is being usurped by the city paper. Obviously something must be done about it, if the small journal is not to die of outworn usefulness, and Emerson Harris, working in collaboration with his daughter Florence Harris, has undertaken to provide a solution. In their book they claim that the country editor must bow to the inevitable. He must leave the world outside his own special territory to the mercies of the city publications and concentrate his efforts on home news. For if he cannot compete with the city editor in handling city affairs, the reverse is equally true—the city editor, with all his resources, cannot do full justice to the local news. He is not a man speaking to his friends, but a remote executive, operating in a quiet office behind frosted panes, a symbol and a force more than a person.

The country editor, Mr. Harris says, knows the people who buy his paper, knows their habits and their history, their interests and their pet enthusiasms; and it is with these that his paper must be concerned. When a city editor considers an article for publication it must be timely or unusual, it must interest those who are not directly affected by it as well as those who are. But the country editor needs to ask only one question. "Is this article linked up with the lives or interests of any of the people of my community?" If it is, he can print it; for that which concerns any one person in a small group is news for the rest of the group.

If the country paper follows the plan suggested for it by Mr. Harris and his daughter it will stop treating issues outside its own bounds and will depend for interest on feature articles much after the fashion of those found in the Sunday editions of city dailies. Even if these articles remain purely localized there is a world of material waiting to be used in them that has scarcely been touched as yet.

The rural paper which follows the plan put forth by Mr. Harris will furnish its readers with all available utility information—how the crops are going and what is likely to happen to real estate within the year and why shoes should be more expensive than they were two seasons ago. And, last of all, it will promote community loyalty by furnishing the townsfolk with all the information necessary to enable them to join inteligently in public activities.

ELLERY RAND.

THE WORLD OF ART: *The Museum at Worcester—Zorn's Etchings*

Self-Portrait From "The Etchings of Anders Zorn."
The Empire State Book Co.

THE Worcester Art Museum is an excellent example of what a museum may do with a moderate endowment of money and a more than usual degree of initiative and good taste. It is essential for the student of American collections to visit this museum unless he is willing to miss unique examples of important schools of art. And if he is something more than a student of art, if he is a lover of life and eager for esthetic adventure, he will find intensely living and esthetically moving works in plenty to reward him. Also he will blissfully miss the line upon line and precept upon precept of didactic art that in many collections—in most collections—interrupts the pleasure of a pilgrimage through public galleries.

You seldom, for example, have such a chance at Lotto as you are given in the remarkable Worcester portrait. Psychologically far more interesting than the handsome portrait of a young man at the Metropolitan Museum, this early painting of a woman with decided features, a commanding expression, and the exquisite hair created by the Italian hairdressers, is reminiscent in detail of Alvise Vivarini in whom Berenson has seen Lotto's first guide and most influential master. The bland fairness of the flesh also recalls the palette of Alvise. Obviously it is an early work and quite free from the gentle melancholy and introspection of the deeply personal portraits of the painter's full maturity. The glint of light on her waving locks, the delicate shadows cast by her necklace on her strong neck and the white flesh below, the different white of the sleeve, the black of the bodice and background, the round eyes, the curling upper lip—nothing here of dream or mystery, a portrait all compact of intellectual insight, more to be cherished than even the noble Ghirlandajo on the opposite side of the gallery, because of the greater individuality of the interpretation; the more insistent penetration of the vision.

Forward a couple of hundred years, and Hogarth. Where in America may one find better examples of the man who thought the curve more beautiful than the straight line and character more interesting than costume? Mr. and Mrs. William James, painted in 1744, the year before "The Rake's Progress," each wearing the peculiar Hogarthian smile, the smile that broadened to a happy grin in "The Shrimp Girl" of the National Gallery and came back to the cheerful good nature of "Peg Woffington." It is the Peg Woffington smile that gayly distends the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. James. Lovely color—pale yellow and rose and blue. Sound British bulk revealed by small logical brush strokes. Simple, self-satisfied souls in well-nourished bodies. A rococo framework of lace and jewels and gold braid. Rhythm of line, unity of tone, vitality. The essential Hogarth.

Strange enough to turn from these smiling creatures to the smiling Cambodian head of Siva recently acquired. This sculpture, in porous red sandstone, belongs to a period between the twelfth and ninth centuries. It also suggests bulk, but of a quality quite other than the beef and brawn of the William James, a strange, porous, red bulk perfectly corresponding to the material in which the work is done. The smile correspondingly differs from the candid British ripple of lip evoked by Hogarth in his widely varying attempts. It is a smile turned inward, contemplative and mocking, infinitely cruel. The head has the quality of looking far larger than it is, and vastly impressive in the almost unbroken smoothness of its main surfaces. The eye sockets have little depth, the forehead has little projection, the cheek sweeps to the bridge of the nose, a low mound of heavy flesh. In contrast to this rich, soft roundness, the headdress is carved with short staccato zigzags, dots and formal ornament of geometric type, the quick changes in direction supplying animation to the general effect.

Not such a far stride to "La Femme Accroupie," by Gauguin, of the best of the Gauguins, painted during the artist's first trip to Tahiti. One of the Maori beauties, crouched on the floor of a hut, massive and monumental, chin cupped in a mammoth hand, huge legs crossed, head sunk between powerful shoulders, the color scheme of the disagreeable Gauguin palette, striking but raucous. A picture full of geometry, of primitive decoration, of simple architecture, of sophisticated observation. Almost a great picture, but held back by the intense self-consciousness of a second-rate intelligence.

The second Gauguin was painted in 1884 while the artist was working in Paris, "living a hand-to-mouth existence in humble quarters, painting when he could with a kind of savage ferocity," and when all sources of revenue were exhausted and not a sou in his pocket for bread or paint, taking on any job that came along, such as the pasting up of advertisements in the Gare du Nord. It is a head of a woman done in pastel on paper, a green gown, the background red, red flowers on the hat, a brilliant yet sober performance showing how well grounded Gauguin was before he burned the bridges of Paris behind him.

Several new acquisitions from Spain, among them a "Man with a Water Bottle" by Herrera, replacing the handsome old beggar that once was thought to be by that artist and turned out not to be. This Herrera one would go far to see, so clearly is it marked with the mingled violence and dignity of this master of Velasques who failed to disturb his pupil's serene temperament.

These are a few of the objects especially expressing the quality of the museum's collections. The recently published catalogue gives an account of the principal paintings and illustrations of nearly all of them. Subsequent catalogues will be devoted to the Japanese Print Collection and to the sculpture and minor arts in the museum. The catalogue arrangement is unusually well adapted to providing the right kind of information for a public unable to see the collections, and also emphasizes the very great importance of such a catalogue in a community of men, women and children curious of art on the one hand and on the other strangely unaware of it.

The ordinary museum catalogue with its statistical data, &c., does very well for a practiced museum visitor whose mind is in working order and who has a considerable background against which to place the object he happens to be examining. But the Worcester catalogue is greatly superior for the visitor who comes to the museum with a comparatively unfurnished mind. For such the Herrera, the fine Moroni, the brisk, engaging sketch by Sir Joshua, the Sargent water color are placed and given each its special character. It is the difference between a public dinner with only the guests at the speakers' table identified, and an intimate little home affair at which the hostess has managed to let each guest know the especial quality and attraction of the others.

Anders Zorn died three years ago, and for some time before his death it had been apparent that triumphs were over, that he had done his work. In consequence of a distinct falling off in that work his fame in his later years had diminished, and for a year or two after his death it failed to revive. Too little attention was paid to the passing of an original genius, one of the few creators in art.

Now his name is beginning again to be heard with the accent of appreciation, and books are beginning to appear. "The Etchings of Anders Zorn, with Introduction and Critical Notes" by Ernest M. Lang (Empire State Book Company) consists chiefly of reproductions, one hundred and one of these, in half-tone, on paper of no very fine quality, but of pleasant color and adequate to show the vigorous technique and broad coarse line of a master who defies the menace of half-tone screen and printer's ink. The real beauty of Zorn's etchings, however, is obscured by casual reproduction or by poor impressions from the actual plate as surely as though he worked with greater delicacy. The vibration of light and shadow, the crispness of his dry-point, the sharpness of his accent are essential to a right seeing of his picture.

No doubt a complete portfolio of his work in the best of modern reproduction will soon be issued, and in the meantime his little volume serves as a fillip for public interest.

Zorn came of a race of brewers. His mother worked before and after his birth—in a brewery. His father, Leonard Zorn, was a master-brewer from Bavaria. His early years showed plainly what his vocation was to be. He was to be an artist, that was clear, but sculpture at first appeared to be his field. An infant prodigy of seven, he whittled horses, dogs and cattle with even more than the Swede's habitual knack with his knife and he colored his beasts with

"La Femme Accroupie."
By Gauguin.
In the Worcester Art Museum.

"The Cripple."
By Herrera.
In the Worcester Art Museum.

hilberry and other juices. He always was something of a sculptor. A wild little group of "Faun and Nymph" stirred Rodin to the admission that there were only two great sculptors—himself and Zorn. It was said at a banquet and possibly in the mood of the etched portrait of Rodin, that with the head thrown back and Homeric laughter shaking the heavy features.

When he began to paint, it was the sculptor's concern for light and shade that claimed his first attention, not color. Water color was the medium in which his earliest successes were made, and he managed his success with the same bold skill that he used in his work. Coming from Spain to London with a bagful of brilliant Spanish subjects and finding difficulty in obtaining a market for them, he at once rented an expensive studio in a fashionable district far beyond his means and almost immediately was deluged with commissions.

In London Axel Haig showed him the technique of etching. At that moment his career began in truth. Brilliantly as he had used the water-color medium, solid and vivid as he had made his pictures in oil, it was not until he began to etch that he expressed his temperament to the full, letting every one see the kind of man he was in art. An affirmative man, with no compromises or withdrawals or doubts, not wholly strong but completely positive.

"He developed," Mr. Lang says, "an entirely independent and personal technique. He introduced in his etchings a new conception—the juxtaposition of light and dark masses similar to impressionism in painting." Others have laid some stress upon this impressionistic character in Zorn's work by which generally is meant his infrequent use of continuous line and his suggestion of the vibration of light by the employment of staccato lines and a loose weaving of the fabric of shadow.

It is interesting to compare an etching of a nude girl out of doors by Zorn with a similar subject by Renoir, who was working with the impressionists in Paris at the time Zorn was making his first experiments with the point. Both the painters invested the nude figure with the charm of full and radiant flesh, beautiful and sound. But the self-conscious child of Frenchman's etching, the babyish profile quaintly contradicting the proportions of her young, heroic figure, is removed by generations of sophistry and civilization from Zorn's splendid pagan rejoicing in her physical freedom and at one with the natural world. The splendid pagan has the substance of sculpture. The light plays on her gleaming skin, against which the spray from the sea has been driven; the surface of her body sparkles and shimmers, but there is no hint of that animation of the living organism, the stirring of the breath, the pulsing of the blood through veins and arteries. There is none of that almost imperceptible tremor of contour that tells you of life going on.

The slightly cringing figure of Renoir's etching has, on the contrary, the pulse of life in every line of the body, which is indicated with the utmost economy of line, yet says more of volume and resilience than Zorn gives with his slashing strokes.

That is the difference between the two masters—one sees his subject from without; the other starts with the interior life and stops with as much or little of objective description as indicates this.

Zorn's mind moved within narrow boundaries, but his travels were wide, taking him not only to London and Paris, but to Constantinople, to Greece, to Hungary, Italy, Spain, Algiers, Germany, finally, in 1893, to America, for the exhibition of Swedish art held at Chicago. He repeated this visit half a dozen times, painted and etched most of the prominent men and women with whom he came in contact—only Saint Gaudens and Senator Billy Mason convincingly represented as individuals and types—and then retired to Sweden to his native Mora and stayed there, a boy at home, until death overtook him and bore him away.

A picture of these last days at Mora is singularly appealing. "He

"Portrait of a Woman." Lorenzo Lotto. *In the Worcester Art Museum.*

Portrait of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy.

From "The Etchings of Anders Zorn." The Empire State Book Co.

Zorn never forgot that he was once a poor little boy, and he was proud not only of his achievements, but also of his descent from the strong, artistically and technically gifted people of Mora. He would accompany the visitor across the snow-covered fields to point out the place where he was born or whore, as a boy, he tended his grandfather's sheep.

The etchings show very little of this predilection for a multitude of things possessed. Aside from the portraits, the subjects are of the simplest. Peasant girls and women in the Dalecarlian costume, singers, guitar players, bathers, a few old people practicing a craft—a shoemaker, a blacksmith—the interior of a brewery, of an omnibus, of a ballroom—this practically is the range. Outdoor light and indoor light, water and air, and the rich, thick forms of Swedish girls.

Among the portraits there is wide variation. A number of them are magnificent. The Ernest Renan would be counted among these, but hardly deserves the first place to which usually it is assigned. The splendid sweep of the composition counts for much and so does the placing of the light head among the shadows and the books and papers in full light. The head is admirable in feature and in the introspection of the gaze, but hardly can be compared in depth of characterization to the "Madame Simon" of an earlier date. The intellect of a great race and the air of infinite experience are in the strong markings of the head and face, indomitable and commanding beneath the close bonnet, above the enveloping wrap. This monumental portrait is balanced at the other end of the line by the "Isabella Gardner," in which he has fastened upon all there was of piquancy in his sitter with her sunburnt headdress, her fur cape flung wide, her long, excessively slender fingers interlaced, her tiny feet crossed, her aspect daintily imperious.

Certain portraits are famous only because the sitters are. Those of Grover Cleveland and his wife have never had more than this kind of success—yet who has there been to give such vitality to the effigies of later Presidents and their wives? Here at least is an art that has broken the bonds of social suavity. And purely as design how entertaining the detail in the Cleveland portrait—the absurd scribbled pattern of the tablecloth, the swirling edge of books and papers, the dictionary on its stand peering above the top of the chair, all telling us something of the pleasure the artist took in noting unconsidered trifles with a gay pencil. He makes fun with a grave face. It would be impossible to explain the mirth-provoking quality of Colonel Lamont's coattails, of Mrs. Atherton-Curtis's little finger, the trimming of Mrs. Potter Palmer's hat, the ridiculous sketch in the background of Prince Eugene's portrait. It is merely his way of getting back at the fate—heartily welcome—which made him the slave of commissions. He knew as well as when he took his expensive London studio that he could risk it. His intuition could be trusted as to what he could and could not dare. He never feared his sitters.

He showed in all his work the instinct for decorative design for which the Scandinavians are famous. All accessories contribute to the impression of a richly ornamented whole, in spite of the close economy of labor in their free definition. Often papers and books and framed pictures on a wall serve the purpose of providing a series of geometrical shapes among which the principal figure is placed as the keynote of a bold yet severe pattern. Often the design on a curtain, the stripes in a blanket, the circles on a straw mat, the curve of a chair back, the keys of a piano, clothes hanging from a line, are enough to turn a casual spontaneous portrait study into a considered and expertly constructed composition. What would the portrait of Henry Marquand be to us a picture without those potteries and paintings and glass cases that draw the gaze of the devout collector out of the shadows toward imperishable objects brought by him to ornament America.

Nearly always Zorn managed to

(Continued on Page 25)

"Ida." From "The Etchings of Anders Zorn." *The Empire State Book Co.*

CHARLES IX. OF FRANCE, QUITE THE VILEST POETASTER OF HIS DAY

Latest Works of Fiction

DEEP CHANNEL. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.00.

THE fine and delicate feeling, the swift, accurate perception which made notable many of Margaret Prescott Montague's short stories, are clearly apparent during the first part of "Deep Channel," the only novel she has written in many years. Primarily, the book is a study of character. Its hero and heroine both belong to the unfortunate class of the timid, the shy, the abnormally sensitive, doomed to suffer, and to suffer intensely, where others would feel no pain at all. In sensitive, shrinking Julie Rose, to whom life seemed like a hawk which might swoop and destroy her at any moment, there is a tender conscience which can rouse a desperate sort of courage, a courage deeply underlying all the timidity and sensitiveness and self-distrust which make it all but impossible for her ever to fight for herself. Timothy Bixby, her masculine prototype, has less of this intrinsic courage: he is far weaker than Julie, and when the important moments come, it is she, not he, who makes the decisions. It is she, not he, who defiantly whispers: "Ain't I got a right to my life?"

It is seldom that one finds a more satisfying exposition of character through situation than is to be discovered here, in the episode of the child Julie and her paper doll. The account of her early years, as little by little she becomes more and more entangled in "the terrifying web of her own fears," then at last discovers that the big, blustering father who had always seemed to her a very embodiment of courage, was himself afraid, is altogether admirable; "To see his broken spirit laid bare, to know that always that sinister dread had lurked in the back of his mind, and that all his big bluster was just a cloak for it, seemed to take the roof from over her head, leaving her uncovered in a bleak world." Admirable, too, is the sketch of her life with her gentle little mother, and of her relations, after that mother's death, with the other women in the village of Hart's Run. "Julie was constantly at the mercy of other women's hands. Her smallness stirred their maternal instincts, they were apt to stroke her and patronize her." And just as her smallness placed her physically at their mercy, so did her shrinking sensitiveness render her spiritually all but helpless before their domineering, coarse-grained curiosity.

Then, when she is 32 years old, there comes into her life the man whose suffering and helplessness are the very counterparts of her own, the man whose pain, so evident to her, though to others he seems merely ridiculous, rouses all her latent, underlying courage. The timid, tentative approaches to mutual understanding made by these two shy, sensitive, lonely people whom all their little world laughed at or honored, are drawn without one false stroke. "With the rest of humanity they continually had to pretend, dressing themselves in a garment of life that was altogether too big for them, * * * but with each other they were free; there they could be spontaneous and completely true."

If only the book had been sustained throughout on the high level reached by its first 100 pages, we would have been able to hail it as one of the best novels of its type published in many a day. But from this point it goes rapidly down hill. That half-insane, extraordinary Miss Fogg, with her "baby child" and her locked drawer, never seems real, but always theatrical, and the far-fetched coincidence which makes her so important a factor in the bringing about of the climax is an unconvincing expedient, unworthy of the earlier portion of the book. Then, too, Julie's emotionalism slops over in a way that is positively distressing to the reader who had become quite fond of her, although this had been to a certain extent prepared for during the first part of her history. But when one reads "an ecstasy of depths of peace and stillness engulfed her, a vision of the enormousness and profundity of life which was God, so that the tears ran down over her illumined face"—one remains entirely skeptical. There is, too, a certain cheapness in the episode of the kitten, which assists Miss Fogg to injure an otherwise fine book. One feels that the author is struggling hard to be intense and effective, straining after drama, and achieving only melodrama. Miss Montague, though a short-story writer of unusual excellence, would seem in fact to lack the sustaining power so necessary for the novelist.

The author's style, particularly in the early portion of the book, is unusually good, and often very beautiful. The picture of Julie Rose, sitting on the church steps in momentary freedom, is delicate and sympathetic. We see her, escaped for just a little while, looking up to where "the white wraith of a cloud sailed very softly through the sky, trailing behind it a long wisp of vapor. It passed across the stars and was gone." Because of this beauty, because of the fine and delicate understanding manifested throughout the first part of the book, "Deep Channel" is well worth reading.

ADVENTURING

ADVENTURING. By Tristram Tupper. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

IN these days when so much of the fiction output gives the impression of being written primarily with an eye to motion-picture rights, a book like Tristram Tupper's new romance, "Adventuring," comes as an agreeable novelty. Here is a story written to be read—written with care and skill, and with a sensitiveness to beauty of rhythm as well as of idea. And its plot? Its plot has little about it of a purely visual appeal. It is one to be felt, not "screened," and concerns itself mainly with an age-old quest—the quest for love.

"Adventuring" is in a sense a tale of two towns, one inland "in the Valley of the Shenandoah" and one looking out to sea. But it is more than that, for it concerns itself with the destinies of two souls, differing products of these differing environments. We meet first Jay Singleton of Singleton, owner of the town and of its main industry, the turning out of leather. He turned out lots of money, too, but he was saved from it, for he knew in his heart that there were "other things in this old world than bark and lime and leather." Accordingly, we find him beneath the lamp on sweltering nights, a classical scholar self-taught, translating the immortal lines of Greece's glory and Rome's grandeur. We see him picking out likely looking boys from around the mountains and sending them off to the university, and in this way taking some fifteen or twenty college degrees—by proxy. As if in answer to some Homeric echo, he buys the schooner yacht the "Beatrice," and on board her he goes adventuring one day. He is rewarded in finding the sea-child, Jo. To the record of that meeting, as to the subsequent record of the tortuous course of all true love, Mr. Tupper has brought an artistry that commands admiration. He has given us in "Adventuring" a real romance. Much of it is pure gold.

FORTUNE'S FOOL

FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

AWAY with all the psychoanalytical and psychopathic novels—novels of sick souls in unhealthy bodies! Let us have romance, adventure, something to stir the blood. Let us have the hero who fears not death in any form and the heroine who is as virtuous as she is beautiful. Let us have, in short, the sort of novels that Rafael Sabatini writes. They may be a bit old-fashioned, but they are alive, and they make the reader feel that this world of ours is not just one big lunatic asylum. If physicians ever take to prescribing literature instead of drugs, as perhaps they will some day, since drug stores are already selling books, there can scarcely be any doubt that Sabatini will be one of their favorite tonics. He is easy to take, and the effect is all that could be desired.

The latest Sabatini novel is "Fortune's Fool," a tale of plague-stricken London during the reign of the second Charles. Several historical personages appear in the story, among them the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Albemarle and Sir George Etherege, the playwright. Samuel Pepys, too, appears for a moment, but immediately drops out of sight again. The hero of the tale is Colonel Randal Holles, the son of a regicide and himself a former soldier in Cromwell's army. He calls himself fortune's fool because Fate seems to delight in thwarting him at every turn. It has robbed him of the girl he loves and driven him from his native land to take service in Holland as a soldier of fortune. At the outbreak of hostilities between England and Holland he returns to his own country to offer his services, but finds that, although the need for trained fighting men is great, there is no place for a man who bears a regicide father's name. Even his old friend and former commanding officer, George Monk, now the Duke of Albemarle, fears to present his name to the King. Holles is penniless in London and without hope of employment at the only trade he knows, that of the soldier.

Again and again Fate mocks him, raising up his hopes by the promise of mending his fortunes and then casting him down to the uttermost depths of despair. When at last he meets again the woman he has always loved, the situation is so discreditable to him that he is sure she will hate the sight of him forevermore. Yet, this being an old-fashioned romance which must have a happy ending, the reader knows that the very misfortunes which befall the two chief characters will eventually bring them together and insure their lifelong happiness. The plague plays an important part in the unraveling of the plot, but not, as one might expect, by removing from the scene characters who stand in the hero's way. Mr. Sabatini has made a much more ingenious use of the historic pestilence.

That there is fighting in the story goes without saying. One could scarcely imagine a Sabatini novel without the clash of swords. Colonel Holles meets a foeman worthy, so far as swordsmanship is concerned, of his steel and he meets another foe against which steel is of no avail. In both encounters he proves himself a man, although the second one puts him to a test which would make the bravest quail. As for the lady in the case, she is well worth waiting for and well worth fighting for.

But why continue this panegyric. "Fortune's Fool" is a typical Sabatini novel. What more is there to be said?

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. By Henry James Forman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

READERS who look first for thrills in fiction will perhaps complain that Henry James Forman has not made the most of his opportunities in this respect. His novel, "The Enchanted Garden" opens with Roderic Whitford, a boy of 10, shipping before the mast on a schooner bound for the South Seas. But the story is the record of Roderic's spiritual adventures rather than his physical ones. Thus, in the very beginning, his decision to run away to sea is the result of the taunts of a girl a few years older than himself with whom he is in love. She twits him with being a mere boy, and he sets out to prove to her that he is a man. His parting with this girl takes place in the garden of his father's peaceful New England home, and through all his later wanderings Roderic is haunted by the picture of this garden and of the girl. The garden often seems more real to him than the experiences that he is passing through. This is no doubt the reason why Mr. Forman, in describing such scenes as a shipwreck and Roderic's miraculous rescue, seems deliberately to avoid all attempts to thrill the reader. He is but reflecting the state of mind of his hero. There is something to be said, artistically, for this method. Often in such episodes the senses of the participant are so numbed that the full horror of the experience does not come to him until long afterward.

It is the garden rather than the girl in it that calls to Roderic from across the seas, although he does not realize that this is so until another girl comes into his life, blotting out forever the memory of Myrtle Thornley. In Allene Galbraith he finds his heart's desire, and for many years the enchanted garden loses its power over him. Then suddenly the vision comes back, clearer than ever. He feels that he must see the garden again. He leaves his wife and child and goes back to his old home, only to find it deserted and the garden a tangle of weeds. The enchantment is gone. The spell is broken. He returns to the South Seas and to happiness. But there he finds awaiting him in the person of his daughter the same old problem which he has faced in his youth.

"The Enchanted Garden" is a story of the conflict between youth and old age. Youth wins, but does not learn the lesson which the conflict should have taught. And that is why each succeeding generation has to fight the battle over again.

GREY WETHERS

GREY WETHERS. By V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

WHEN Miss V. Sackville-West set out to write her latest novel she quite evidently decided that, above all, it should be permeated with the atmosphere of the Druid country of England. The book takes its title from the Grey Wethers, the hard and ancient sacrificial stones of England's early pagans, and throughout the course of the strange love affair of Clare Warrener and "Gipsy" Lovel the color of the Downs, now bleak and disillusioned, now riotous with Summer's hues, stands steadily out.

As might be expected, so much atmosphere clings a trifle heavily at times, to the obstruction of the plot. But inasmuch as the story is really that of the growing hold of the Downs upon Lovel, the village nomad, and Clare, the daughter of the Manor House, the Grey Wethers must ever insist upon their place. In the end, of course, the Downs claim their own.

By placing the action in the time of fifty years ago, Miss Sackville-West has been able to imbue her characters with romance without an undue sacrifice of realism. None of them are quite the folk that one would expect to meet today. Certainly not "Gipsy" Lovel, whose hedridden hag of a mother and half-witted brother Oliver, both of them

suspected of dark Egyptian powers, compose a highly unpleasant family. Nor is Richard Calladine of Starvecrow Farm, with his lovelorn gloom that drove him to sequester himself in such a backwater of life as King's Avon. Clare Warrener, the 19-year-old heroine, although slightly nebulous on occasions, provides a distinct relief from the complexes and cigarettes of present-day flapperdom.

In the studies of her village types, especially in that of Daisy Morland, the farmer's daughter, who tricks Lovel into wedlock, Miss Sackville-West is a transcriber of insight and accuracy. Steadily throughout the book there are encountered vivid, pungent bits of local incident through which the main theme wanders leisurely and now and then seems to come to a halt while the leading figures devote themselves to introspection and meditation. It is more in the interplay of character than on any dramatic action that the development of the story rests for lengthy periods, a common attribute of the English novel, but when drama does occur it is handled with the sort of restraint that serves to intensify.

In "Grey Wethers" Miss Sackville-West has done a sustained and thoughtful piece of writing, although distinctly not of the "popular" type. Her plane is a little too high and tranquil for that.

GREY TOWERS

GREY TOWERS. Anonymous. 288 pp. Chicago: The Covici-McGee Company. $2.

IT is the contention of an less an authority on literature than Mr. John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, that a novel is designed to entertain, not to instruct. The anonymous author of "Grey Towers" (who seems to be a young woman) betrays so determined an effort to uplift that she all but loses sight of her obligation to be also amusing. No doubt conditions in the Middle Western college with which the novel is concerned are as depressing as they are painted. The reader is still waiting to be convinced that a college in general, or this college in particular, is an inevitable means of communicating "culture" to students; that "culture" of this bookish sort is a desirable quality; that the heroine is either cultivated or prophetic in vision; and finally that her vision of the only perfect campus does in fact answer the whole big question raised. Even if the question is stated in universal terms, and the answer is satisfyingly recognizable, there is still to face the matter of bringing this sort of thing into a novel.

In his preface to "Il Fu Mattia Pascal" ("The Late Mattia Pascal"), Luigi Pirandello observes: "To call a work of art absurd and improbable in terms of life is sheer nonsense. We may call it such in terms of art, but in terms of art only." It might be added that life, transferred photographically with no more contribution to it than fretful, petty moral judgments, does not make a novel. Life-likeness does not bestow probability.

"Grey Towers" is competent and painfully accurate in detail. The author is apparently a clever and knowing person. She tabulates, almost in parallel columns, the evils observed, and the suggested remedies. The "grade curve," to be corrected by less attention to the college's standing and more to the student's aptitudes; the "research system," by the "beautiful comprehensible generalization"; early concentration on vocational training, by a more inclusive education; the impersonal touch, by individualized instruction—so it goes. It may well be necessary to prove the advisability of teaching young men and women how to live, how to think, how to be themselves, instead of forcing them through stereotyped courses of lectures. The reader, however, is not convinced that "Grey Towers" is the sink of iniquity and the donjon-keep of sterility that it is painted, and is not tremendously impressed with the concluding program for an ideal university. It is all too baldly simplified, too easy. It is nowhere passionately conveyed, and there is doubt if it is intensely felt.

There was a novel some seventy years ago, called "Villette," which Charlotte Brontë wrote out of her school-teaching experiences. "Villette" is incomplete without its contrasting sets of moral values, its personal animus of the plain girl toward the attractive, but it has the great pulse of beauty running through it. It was completely realized. In "Grey Towers" the story never rises above the personal grievances of the author. It is not even a large and venomous spite that is vented, but only a schoolgirlish discomfort. There is nowhere the slightest escape of the imagination. The heroine calls herself a "rebel." Here is that facile revolt of negation; she takes the opposite of any accepted point of view, and is Puritan among the Bohemians, liberal among the straightlaced, radical among the reactionaries, conservative among the extremists. "Grey Towers" cannot be so bad as a college as its history is as a book.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES (RAMUNTCHO). By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by W. P. Baines. 288 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE fact that "Ramuntcho" is counted among the best of Pierre Loti's novels, from the point of view of structure, as well as from that of actual plot interest, coupled with the fact that it is less well known in this country, if compared with his "Mariage de Loti" or "pecheur d'Islande," will doubtless prepare an atmosphere of interest for the reception of this excellent translation of the book by W. P. Baines.

When Loti, then known only as Lieutenant Viau of the French Navy, returned from the Oriental cruise that had furnished the setting for "Madame Chrysanthème," he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander, and given command of the Javelot, a French guardship stationed on the Bidassoa, which marks the boundary between France and Spain. It was during this period in the Basque country that Loti gathered together the elements of "Ramuntcho," to be published some ten years later.

"Ramuntcho" is an idyl of the mysterious, brooding Basque countryside, so different in its race of men and in the tongue they speak from all other corners of the world. Ramuntcho, the smuggler, in whose veins courses the mixed blood of his pious Basque mother and the careless, carefree stranger who was his father, loves Gracieuse, daughter of the proud Dolorgs, his mother's enemy. He plans to make her his wife after the expiration of his three years' military duty. During his absence, Dolores forces her daughter to enter a convent, rather than suffer the shame of giving her to the poor, nameless son of Franchita. Ramuntcho returns, at last, with the winds of the world blowing a song in his ears—a careless, carefree song, that the stranger who was his father might have sung; and he determined to steal Gracieuse from her cloister, believing in nothing save the all-sanctifying power of love. Yet once within the holy walls, and in the presence of Gracieuse—strangly different, strangely absent—the old mystic faith comes flooding back, and Ramuntcho finds himself powerless to carry out his plan. Gracieuse will pray for him, as he travels toward America, alone.

Loti sees with his soul as well as with his eyes. The accurate descriptions of Basque life and games and customs are, changed from merely pleasing travel talks, into vivid, vital reproductions of the living land, by the real and deep feeling that Loti drew into himself from the very heart of the Basque soil, and gave back within the pages of his book. The actual personality of the country is reflected through that of the greatest of impressionists.

As Loti succeeded in seizing the spirit of this Pyrenean land, so has Mr. Baines succeeded in seizing the spirit of Loti. His translation is altogether admirable; he achieves scholarly accuracy without becoming a slave to words. It is the atmosphere which Mr. Baines conveys to his English readers, re-creating the work in its new garb in as satisfying a manner as Loti created the original.

The translation keeps the promise that is suggested by the name of Loti on the cover of a very attractively presented book. It would seem incomplete to leave "A Tale of the Pyrenees" without a word of praise for the four artistic illustrations, in color, of the Basque countryside.

THE TRAIL OF THE ELK

THE TRAIL OF THE ELK. By W. Pakhus. New York: The Century Company. $2.

IN the Ré Valley, lying still and dark among the Norwegian mountains, lived the hunter whom men called Gaupa, which means the Lynx. And there, too, was the home of the wizard elk, Rauten. The story is the tale of how the man pursued the beast, in whom he believed the spirit of the half-witted old man known as "the valley Swede" was reincarnated. Year after year, time after time, Gaupa, who was a famous hunter, pursued the elk, who was believed to bring ill-luck to those who hunted him, until at last, when both were old, the long chase ended.

There are but three characters of any importance in the book—the man, the elk and the faithful hunting dog Björn. It was Björn who was the real hero of that wild chase "which began * * * in Owl Glen and lasted one day, two days, three days." Björn, the brave and loyal, whose courage and endurance were as extraordinary as were those of Rauten himself, was fated to die a tragic death, and a pitiful. The passage which tells how his master held the dog's dead body on his knees while waiting for the dawn, and, waiting, "remembered what the two had shared of better things and worse throughout the years," will surely appeal to all who have ever loved a dog.

Translated from the Norwegian, though by whom the title page does not say, the book introduces a new writer, one who takes us into the mountain solitudes where the hunters and woodcutters live, and where legends grow fast as they are passed from one to another round the fire on Winter nights. He would seem to have caught the very spirit of the mountain hunter of the North, solitary, indomitable, one with the forest and the silence. Gaupa, when old, could look back over the years and feel that "he had lived this life as he himself wanted it, poor in possessions but rich in happenings. * * * His memories stood out like bright flowers, smelling sweetly of heather and moss." And so he had no regrets when the last hour came, and he and the wizard elk, whom he had first met when they both were young, lay side by side upon the snow. And the elk, too, had lived his life fully. "Trees and grass, air and water had given him of their own, which they now claimed back. Rauten was old. Over his melancholy head the sunset was dead."

There is drama in the book, the drama of the chase and of the long struggle. And with and through the drama there is that mystical effect of things unknown and unseen, forces outside and beyond man's intelligence, which all imaginative people have felt in the solitude of the great spaces. The book has been conceived and written in a poetic spirit, and the result is often something very like a prose poem. How much is due to what would seem to be an unusually successful translation, it is of course impossible for one to judge who is not acquainted with the original. Certainly this story, "the story of a wizard elk—Rauten, as people called him * * * a human being in animal guise"—has passages of no small beauty. There are vivid descriptions of the valleys and the mountains and lakes, and one often gets the very feeling of the woodland solitudes:

> Gaupa listened. No, he could not hear that inexplicable muttering far away which belonged to the night and the unbroken silence. The brook deadened it. He felt how the forest about him was asleep, standing, eyes closed. All the same there was something, that restlessness which has no origin.

The book is unusual, very different from the average animal story. Apparently the author is himself saturated with the sights and sounds he depicts; there is no sense of effort anywhere, or of strain, and if a tinge of fatalism pervades the story, it is accepted much as one accepts the inevitability of the changing seasons. This very simplicity of acceptance has a restfulness which is more than a little soothing in its contrast to the all but feverish unrest of so many of our modern novels. Gaupa questions and rebels not at all. He is contented with life as he knows it, and as he has lived it. Altogether, "The Trail of The Elk" is a novel out of the ordinary, introducing a writer whose work is of an unusual quality.

COMEDIES AND ERRORS

COMEDIES AND ERRORS. By Henry Harland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

THERE is a kind of old-fashioned daintiness about this collection of tales by the late Henry Harland, reprinted after a lapse of a quarter of a century. At the time when they were written the imaginary little kingdom or principality was among the most popular of resorts for fiction writers, and it is no surprise to discover that in several of these tales the imaginary kingdom plays an important part. The sprightly, impetuous, exquisite and altogether illogical heroine, a lady who has not yet entirely lost her popularity, was then a reigning favorite, and she, too, appears in several of the tales.

Of the dozen stories in the volume there are some which, like "Rooms," are essays rather than short stories, gracefully written, and with a certain charm of their own. All the tales have a pretty, lace-ruffles-and-diamond-dust air of artificiality, a wistful sentimentality quite unlike the mode of the present day. The conversations of the hero and heroine, the whole atmosphere and setting of "Merely Players," for instance, are as artificial as rouge; but it is rouge which has been deftly and daintily applied. Here and there a deeper note is struck. "The Friend of Mail" voices one of those truths which never grow old or out of date, and there is an appealing quality to "The House of Eulalie," the story of a pathetic bit of make-believe which presently came to seem reality to those who, at first, were consciously self-deceived.

Any one interested in the development of the short story, as well as in the changes which have occurred in popular taste during the last quarter of a century, will find "Comedies and Errors" well worth reading. What would lovely "Cousin Rosalys" have said, or rather thought, if confronted with the modern "flapper"?

THE THREE IMPOSTORS

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ARTHUR MACHEN was one of those writers whose work was done mainly during the unappreciative closing years of the Victorian era. Stevenson and Kipling won and held popular acclaim, but there were many English writers during the 'Nineties—a decade of bewildering and changing taste—who, in spite of the fact that their work was of highest excellence, had difficulty in securing a hearing. Witness the case of Joseph Conrad, whose first half dozen books had gone so badly in England that an American publisher was able to buy the entire outfit of plates for $150! But Conrad has since come in some measure into his own; and Arthur Machen is now being reprinted in England, and the first American edition of Machen has for some time been under way here. The latest volume in this American edition is the hair-raising romance, "The Three Impostors."

But if "The Three Impostors" is a romance of the hair-raising type, with mystery following mystery, and blood trickling down the pages, and detective work that makes Sherlock Holmes look as stupid as Holmes made Scotland Yard to look, Machen's tale is neither a mystery story nor a detective story within the usual application of those terms. That is to say, neither the mystery nor the detective work is the main theme. These are essential features of the narrative, and through them the author is able to prolong suspense and hold attention. But the main interest lies elsewhere. "The Three Impostors," to characterize it in a word, belongs to the type of psycho-romantic tale made famous by Stevenson. And perhaps it was partly because "The Three Impostors" followed it in the genre perfected by Stevenson—to whom Arthur Machen makes some acknowledgment in a preface to the American volume—that it did not receive the reading and the welcome that were its due.

Machen mastered the principles of this genre, and then went at his work with all the artistry at his command. The result in "The Three Impostors" is a narrative that places him, within that narrative's field, little, if any, behind Stevenson. Like "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the tale is essentially a moral one, a sort of modernized Faust without the love element. But the reader is entirely unaware that he is confronted with a moral lesson—it is only upon subsequent reflection that he realizes that the author has tricked him with a sermon. The mere detective story, the tale told simply to mystify the reader for the time being, has no such depths of spiritual significance; it rests on no such psychological analysis.

"The Three Impostors" suffers in comparison with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in that it does not leave the single impression of horror and retribution that is given by that masterpiece. There is not a closing spectacle of a man's better self in a final vain struggle to emerge from

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CONNECTICUT OAK MAJESTY—HADDAM

From "Connecticut Beautiful," by Wallace Nutting, Framingham, Mass., Old America Co.

Bootlegger's Capacity for Innocent Enjoyment

It Is Quite As Great As Any Honest Man's, for He Considers Himself One

A Review by
SILAS BENT

THE REAL STORY OF A BOOTLEGGER. Anonymous. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

THIS bootlegger's career embraces assault and battery, bribery, arson, theft, highway robbery and murder. "I don't suppose," he says, "that there are many persons who still think I ought to be ashamed because I broke the law; but there may be a few. All I can say to them is that I am not."

Making due allowance for exaggeration of the criminal category, it may be said that when agents of prohibition enforcement must deal with mentalities such as this, even among professedly "high-class" bootleggers, we need not wonder that the successful revenue man is often a thug. The book is complementary to Roy Haynes's story in THE NEW YORK TIMES telling of his work as Prohibition Commissioner; because, although it is the reverse of the shield, it explains from the underside much that Commissioner Haynes leaves unsaid. It explains, for instance, why his agents, in the enforcement of the law, must themselves on occasion violate the law—whether or not with the sanction of their superiors. For the bootlegger is not an offender only against the Volstead act. He is willing to commit nearly all the crimes in the Decalogue.

The anonymous writer says that he showed the first nineteen chapters of his book to a writer, who said:

"This isn't interesting enough. It ought to have more adventure, more excitement, in it."

And I said to the writer: "Fix it up for language, but not much, and don't you dare put in any adventure or excitement. I am telling only what is true, and the whole point of it is that here is a business that is against the law, and yet is so well established that it is no more exciting than dry goods and not half as exciting as the Stock Exchange."

Either the bootlegger understates grotesquely the perilous nature of his activity—and this is probably the truth—or the writer whom he employed threw in a lot of movie thriller stuff for good measure. I suspect that the writer is a "scenarist." The story quotes Will Hays time and again, and is enlivened with such technicalities as "on location." It is written partly in the vernacular, moreover; and no man, however ignorant, when he takes his pen in hand sets down his own argot. The more ignorant the less likely that is to happen. It is a reasonable assumption that this book is not autobiographical in any true sense, but is a composite of a bootlegger's narrative with a professional hack-writer's browsings among newspaper files. It is difficult to believe, in fact, that there exists in actual life a person of such sinuous mental processes, such perverted morality, so little actuality, as the central figure here projected. He might rather be a movie character.

Yet despite these shortcomings, obvious on the most casual examination, the story is a timely commentary on an extraordinary current social phenomenon. It brings together into a single volume many facts of this phenomenon as set forth from time to time in metropolitan newspapers, and especially in New York, where bootlegging is most brazen. And it presents what may be accepted as the true view of such bootleggers as an attempt to justify their traffic. It may be worth while, then, to set down at some length its conclusions.

Now, don't think in what I'm going to say along this line that I am prejudiced against prohibition; I am in favor of it. Prohibition made me a million dollars. If it hadn't been for the Anti-Saloon League, though I don't approve of its methods, and for the Eighteenth Amendment, though I think it was slipped over on the country, and for the Volstead act, though I know it won't work the way Mr. Volstead meant it should—if it hadn't been for these things, today I would be running a little beer saloon in a small town. I am for prohibition. I believe in drinking, but I believe in temperance, too; and if you have any strength of character you can be temperate under prohibition almost as well as you can without prohibition; it isn't hard on anybody but the weaklings. So whatever I have to say about it my conscience isn't in any way prejudiced by an opposition to prohibition on my part. * * *

This country is founded on the idea of majority rule. Now, right or wrong, most Americans—and Sallie [his wife] is one of them—are arguing that if this is so, then the only thing that makes a law binding is that it shows what the majority wants; they say that if it doesn't express the will of the majority, it isn't a real law—and they say the majority of the Americans don't want the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act. They say, when the foreign advertisements of the United States Shipping Board advertised that "the best wines and liquors" would be sold on their boats, which were American territory, the Government itself looked at the thing that way. * * *

Of course, the minority prohibition law could arrest me, the same as any majority law, and I didn't like being arrested. * * * Disgrace? It is a disgrace to go to jail for breaking one of the Ten Commandments, or some law that everybody agrees to; but you know nobody thinks it's a disgrace to be sent to jail for selling them something that nearly everybody wants. Here is a law that says I am a criminal if I stand behind the bar and sell to you, but that you aren't a criminal if you stand in front of the bar and buy and drink what I sell. How many men are going to take that view of it—going to say I am disgraced and they aren't? You know they'll all say nobody is disgraced. You can make laws, but you can't make opinions.

No. I played square. I didn't cheat or misrepresent goods. I always handled good stuff; my customers were people that could afford to spend their money, and I was careful not to sell to drunkards. I am not saying, what, maybe, it ought to do; I am saying what it does do; my conscience lets me alone. * * *

Don't be fooled by all this talk about light wines and beers coming back. * * * The people don't want light wines and beers back. They did, once, but not now. Now they have been educated up to the hard stuff, especially the rising generation that is the most active, and everything but the hard stuff is too slow in the kick and too weak for their taste.

It is not necessary to analyze the false reasoning set forth by this particular bootlegger. He proceeds on the assumption that all "majority laws" are enforceable, whereas in fact no man-made law, however strong the sentiment behind it, ever has been enforced. The law against murder is not enforced nor are the traffic regulations observed. And if his own story is to be believed this bootlegger himself was an offender against the law of murder. He tells of a night battle between revenue men and his own men on the foggy little deck of his rum-running sloop in which automatic pistols were freely used and the fighters came to death grips. The bodies of the defeated revenue men were finally dumped off the deck into their rowboat alongside; and the bootlegger expresses a pious hope that none of them was dead, but he says some of them were "mighty still."

The book is replete with scenes of violence such as this: The firing of distillery to conceal the delivery of whisky to the bootlegger by bribed guards; a later armed raid on the distillery against guards who couldn't be bribed (with the connivance, if you will believe it, of the District Commissioner!); the theft of barrels of whisky from a freight car, after stunning and gagging the guard; the collection of money at the point of a revolver; the gentle art of throwing a rival bootlegger downstairs and hustling the unconscious man to a hospital on the pretense that he had fallen; the theft and forgery of alcoholic permits—it would be possible to prolong to the point of tedium the list of offenses such as these against laws other than the Volstead act.

At times the book falls into the racy vernacular of that underworld whence bootleggers are drawn, for the most part; and at other times the writer forgets and is quite proper about his English. The jacket of the book, which does not reveal that the bootlegger is not the author—or not the sole author—speaks of him as "an average American citizen, well educated"; but, then, the men who write the jackets for our current "literary" output have long since emancipated themselves from slavery to fact.

This bootlegger was the son of a saloon keeper, and trained his own son as a bootlegger. The bootlegging son continued at the head of a "mail-order business" until the father made his million and set up the young man as a broker. In his own young manhood the father saw service in the World War, he says, and on his return was just forced by the giants of circumstance—the ruin of his father, who had lost his saloon and all his property, his own inability to get work and his poverty—into the bootlegging business. At first he worked as a commission man for a peddler of vile "synthetic" decoctions, but when he found that wood alcohol was being used he virtuously quit. Not that he doesn't say a good word for wood alcohol. He avers that in proper quantities it is not fatal, although headachy. Finally he got into business for himself, and progressed through his acquaintance with a high American military officer—for whom he had done a favor in France—to the post—as supply man for an "exclusive" club, and so to an extremely high-class clientele.

Much detail of the sort commonly described as "human interest" abounds in the story, and much of it is wholly irrelevant to the bootlegger part. It has been the earnest intention of the collaborators to supply two dollars' worth of entertainment, and undoubtedly there are those who will get their money's worth from the book. There may be others who will find it valuable because it tells how to detect counterfeit labels and to gauge the quality of "synthetic" and genuine booze of certain kinds.

Sallie deserves a word. She is the bootlegger's wife, the mother of his two children, and she is the most genuine person in the book, level-headed, and with a certain odd morality of her own. A bootlegger's wife is to be presented on the New York stage, and she is a caricature. Sallie, although a domestic product, is the real, aged-in-wood, 100-proof stuff.

Notes of the Current Magazines

IN the September Century L. Frank Tooker begins his reminiscences under the heading, "As I Saw It From an Editor's Desk." The first instalment bears the subtitle, "When Our Magazines Were Young," and tells of the beginnings of magazine publishing in the United States. In those early days Philadelphia was the leading publishing centre.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Philadelphia, with "Graham's" and "Peterson's" and "Godey's Lady's Book," easily led in prosperity, while Boston and other less intellectual centres, with their moribund journals, sneered at the pretentions of Philadelphia, and called her great magazines insipid. Philadelphia was unmoved. "Godey's," sneering in return, had the air of being from Missouri and wanting to be shown. Didn't its elegant steel engravings and fashion-plates adorn the tables of every parlor worth entering from Maine to the Western Reserve? Wasn't it the palladium of virtue and propriety, and wasn't it prosperous? Wasn't it prosperous? It came about in the end that its publisher, in the fervor of his laudation, spoke reverently of it as "The Book."

Of The Atlantic of those days, Mr. Tooker says:

All Bostonians revered it and read it, but Boston was a town-meeting, book-borrowing community, where every one knew every one else worth knowing, and possibly many felt that it was scarcely worth while to subscribe for a magazine that sooner or later they could borrow from a friend or take up for a hasty perusal in some one of the many meeting-places where Bostonians were wont to congregate. It seemed far more to the point to save their money and, on dying, bequeath it to Harvard, and thus at one leap be numbered among the saints.

Magazine contributors in those days could not have purchased automobiles and steam yachts even if there had been any to buy.

In 1842 Lowell had exulted in the belief that he might hope to earn four hundred dollars by his pen in the coming year, and six years later Bayard Taylor had considered the offer of the editorship of Graham's Magazine at a thousand dollars a year as very handsome. About the same time the regular rates for all Philadelphia magazines except Graham's was said to be two dollars a page for prose and five dollars a poem. To its principal contributors Graham's was understood to pay twelve dollars a page, and though The Knickerbocker of New York had beaten that rate in special cases, to new writers it paid nothing at all, while the rating between the new contributor and the habitual one of merely local renown was very slight.

Mr. Tooker's article closes with the story of the founding of The Century, or, as it was then called, Scribner's Monthly, by Roswell Smith and Dr. J. G. Holland.

In the September number of Current History is an estimate of the character and the career of President Coolidge, by F. Lauriston Bullard of The Boston Herald, and a similar article on the late President Harding by his private secretary, George B. Christian Jr. Each of these writers is well qualified for his task by long and intimate acquaintance with the man of whom he writes.

Joseph Caillaux, former Premier of France, discusses the policy being pursued by France in the Ruhr. He says of the party in power and of the present Premier:

The leaders of the Right have two ends in view. In the first place, they aim to keep up the illusions of the nation by raising its hopes of receiving German gold by the cartload, for they are not willing, they do not dare, to tell it the truth; secondly, to perpetuate a state of semi-warfare between France and Germany which will permit them next year, when the electoral campaign occurs, to put again in circulation, for their own advantage, the counterfeit patriotic currency which they excel in coining.

Why does M. Poincaré follow this course? The fear of responsibilities and the worship of procedure are two of his chief characteristics. An eminent lawyer, a lawyer above all else, M. Poincaré considers himself entrusted with the task of pleading for France in the matter of reparations. He has taken care not to overlook a single item, however insignificant. He does not wish to compromise. If he were so tempted, the statesman would intervene to suppress a desire of the advocate which might cost him dear politically. He moves, therefore, along the line of procedure. He will move along that line to the very end, however disastrous that end may prove to be for the great client whose interest it is his mission to defend. In taking a stand on the seizure of guarantees he follows the same procedure as that which he would adopt in demanding a mortgage for the benefit of a creditor before the tribunal of the Seine. After this step he will wait until the documents in the legal dossier demand new steps in the procedure. These new steps he will take, always making sure to keep himself covered. To be covered—that is the dominant anxiety of the timorous politician, and this anxiety in Poincaré is doubled by the fact that he is also a punctilious lawyer.

Other outstanding articles in the September Current History are "Changing Methods in Submarine Warfare," by Rear Admiral W. S. Sims; "The Strength of Poincaré's Leadership," by William MacDonald; "What Tyranny Has Wrought in South America," by Ignacio Calderon; "Reaction Triumphant in Central Europe," by Emil Lengyel, and a symposium on the negro question by Eric D. Walrond, Robert Watson Winston and Marcus Garvey.

The World's Work for September opens with "The War in the Churches," by Rollin Lynde Hart. This is the first article in a series on the Fundamentalists vs. the Liberals. Chester H. Rowell discusses politics as fought in Nebraska and Iowa under the heading, "Brookhart, Howell and 'Brother Charley' Bryan." "The Three Per cent. Loan Swindle," by John R. Gregory, exposes schemes by which needy borrowers are swindled. "Fakers and Fallacies," by Floyd Parsons, tells of other ways in which the public is duped. In "The Electrification of North America," Guy E. Tripp explains what the "Super-Power Plan" means. What the Naval War College at Newport really does is told by Rear Admiral W. S. Sims in an article entitled "The Fleet Gridiron." Other contributions are "Wild Humor at the Antipodes," by Sydney A. Colman; "The Success of Our Successors," by William McAndrew; "Ancestry and End of the Ku Klux Klan," by Robert L. Duffus; "Can America Help?" by Mark Sullivan, and "The First Thousand the Hardest," anonymous. There are, of course, the usual departments, including "The March of Events."

Orient is a bimonthly international magazine of art and culture, published by the Orient Society and edited by Hari G. Govil. Only three issues have appeared. The August-September issue features an article by Otto Hover on the "Javanese Shadow Stage," illustrated with quaint silhouette pictures of the dolls used in the productions on that stage. Stella Bloch discusses "Dancing and the Drama—East and West." Among the other contributions we note "The Real Women of China," by Thomas B. Partington; "Buddha as a Christian Saint," by B. P. Wadia; "Polygamy," by H. A. Noureddin Addis; "The Futurism of Young Asia," by B. K. Sarkar; "The Coming Renaissance," by Paul Richard, and two Chinese poems translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu.

In the August issue of The Menorah Journal, Samuel S. Grossman, formerly general manager of the Jewish Art Theatre in New York, writes of the achievements of a dramatic organization little known to the general theatregoer. Of the plan and purpose of the organization he says:

Here is a company of artists engaged by the season and constantly employed in the production of new plays, irrespective of the material success with which established productions have met. On the contrary, the more profitable a new play proves, the sooner does the repertory company begin rehearsals of a new play—perhaps of a play which is regarded as a doubtful box-office attraction. It is the express principle of this theatre that popular plays shall pay for plays of limited appeal, which are produced with the deliberate knowledge that they will fail financially; both kinds of plays are given under the same roof by the same company, and the ledger is constantly balanced by assigning certain evenings of each week for the current "success" play and other nights for new efforts and for revivals. In this last regard the repertory is distinguished from the popular

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Diplomatic History

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spirit of the age but to the then existing necessities of Europe. Napoleon III. was by nature a home statesmen and only went into foreign affairs to keep up the Napoleonic tradition and bluff the public; he had no great heart in them and usually failed. There was Cavour, of course, whose real success came after his death; but Cavour was the only great statesman in high office between Napoleon and Bismarck.

The editors have done wonders in reconciling the different views of the specialists who have written the different chapters. In one case they have not wholly succeeded. They have been obliged to let W. F. Reddaway "recapitulate" the origins of the Crimean War after they have been ably written by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, with results not altogether happy. Mr. Reddaway is that rare bird nowadays, an enthusiast for Lord John Russell, and makes Dr. Hearnshaw somewhat ridiculous by putting that haphazard blunderer in the highest niche. It is to be suspected that the editors have had to edit out a good deal of Mr. Reddaway's Russellism as it is. Dr. Hearnshaw, of course, saw through Russell, and has a twinkle in his eye when he writes about him.

Of India there is not room to speak; and while this history takes up in turn all the questions of the period, this reviewer's preference has been for leaving them all aside and merely tracing the thread of British diplomacy up to 1866. Otherwise some "mighty interesting reading" might have been made out of the chapters on the Italian Revolution, the Syrian tangle, the Schleswig-Holstein question and the relations with the United States during our own forgotten jingo period, the period of Martin Chuzzlewit, which is fairly and interestingly treated. One cannot escape the conclusion that Daniel Webster was more than once the only refuge from war on either side of the Atlantic, and that we know too little of his greatness in that respect. Our trouble was with Chuzzlewit jingoes, and England's was with boneheaded statesmanship and Consuls.

Dull Books

(Continued from Page 2)

Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision" one may read twice, or possibly a third time; but why is it that, while "Lorna Doone" will stand many rereadings, William Black's novels of the Highlands bore us exceedingly, even if we do skip the long scenic descriptions?

It is very easy to explain why none of us want to read Ouida's blazing novels twice, or dream even in idle moments over "The Heir of Radcliffe" or take "The Wide, Wide World" on a railway journey. Ouida is no longer necessary. If we want a bath in Ouidaesque romance, we have Gertrude Atherton, who stimulates us as greatly as Ouida, with a surer grasp of material, and with a knowledge of the realities of life.

Even William De Morgan palls us when we begin to read him seriously a second time, although "Joseph Vance" may grip one a second time, but never a third time. It must be said of him that he had the art of illuminating many persons who would be unendurable in real life. There is Mrs. Belloc-Lownes, who frequently disappoints us by taking all the horrors from her literary menus. "The Lodger" one may read a second time; but the reader has tried "What Timmy Did" after the first reading and failed. You may read "The Lodger" a second time, as you read "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," to make sure that the horrors were as horrible as you thought they were; but all that is beside the question: Has an author a right to put dull people into his books without making them appear to be amusing or interesting? Plainly, he has not—or, if he thinks he has, he does so at his own risk, and he deprives himself of the appreciation and support of a great number of readers who know exactly what they want. After all, whatever the "precieuse" in literature may say, novels are written to be read, and they ought to be written so that they would give us perennial pleasure.

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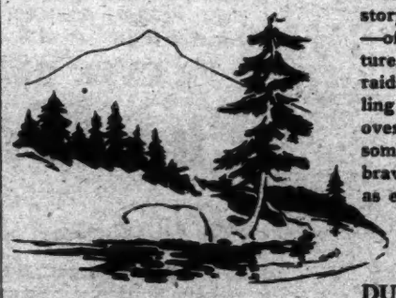

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

its baser elements. Arthur Machen's story is more diffuse. On the other hand, by very reason of this diffuseness, there is a cumulative effect which is hardly less potent than Stevenson's culminating dramatic moment. As one step toward Machen's total effect, take, for instance, what Dr. Haberden saw on the floor when he went to look for Miss Leicester's brother.

I looked. There upon the floor was a dark and putrid mass, neither liquid nor solid, but melting and changing before our eyes. And out of the midst of it shone two burning points like eyes. And I saw a writhing and stirring as of limbs, and something moved and lifted up what might have been an arm.

But along with all the horror—and the above will be enough for any but a glutton of horror—Machen contrives to bring in all the delightful, purely artificial humor that is so inseparable a part, so essentially an ingredient, of this type of story. There is Dyson, who "must ever go forth like a knight-errant in search of adventure," and whose rule for ferreting out the truth is to follow "the law of improbability." There is Phillips the rationalist (Holmes's Dr. Watson, of course), whose rationalism always goes down in the end before Dyson's spear. And there is the stage Police Inspector whose formula, on the discovery of a murder, is "There has been black business here, sir." And, finally, but not least, there are beautiful maidens, with tear-stained faces, who accost strangers—males, of course—and relate terrible tales, sisters of the Ancient Mariner, surely! Oh, yes. We forgot the youth with the side whiskers and the big rimmed spectacles, and the haunted look, who hovers over the story, and who also comes to a bad end.

But why go on? If the queue has not already formed at the right of the librarian's window, then times have changed indeed and readers are not what they used to be.

HIDDEN LIVES

HIDDEN LIVES. By M. Leonora Eyles. 344 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright.

WE have heard a great deal latterly about the Freudian school of fiction, and if it has come in for much praise in certain quarters, it has received equally violent condemnation in others. But it has remained for the English novelist Leonora Eyles to turn the Freudians back upon themselves, and to refute them with their own logic. "Hidden Lives" is of the Freudian school for it is a story of inhibited impulses which eventually break through and triumph. But in this very moment of victory the persons themselves are destroyed by the forces they have set loose. This is something truly radical, and it will be interesting to see how the exponents of the new psychology enjoy a pursuit of their logic to the reductio ad absurdum.

Those who wish to follow the novelist in her hunt will not find the journey a pleasant one, for "Hidden Lives" dives into mental pathology about as far as it is possible to go. The reader gets the impression that Miss Eyles must have swallowed entire volumes on insanity, for when she comes to distinguish between functional and organic mental disturbances as established by blood tests, she has tracked the alienist to his ultimate lair.

In addition to the insanity theme, the novelist projects her story against the sordidly terrible background of a Welsh mining town, with all its indescribable brutalities and foulnesses. As against the vast unpleasantness of the novel is to be set the undoubted sincerity of the author, whose book, by reason of the very horrors that it depicts, becomes a powerful plea for the lessening of such horrors. It is a book which must make British readers squirm. And Americans are not unlikely to wonder if our own mining communities, all of them, are entirely above reproach.

It is unnecessary to detail at great length the story of "Hidden Lives." The protagonists are a young woman doctor of medicine and a priest of the Anglican communion holding the very highest of "High Church" views. The woman doctor, impelled by the sight of the bodily and spiritual suffering about her, insists that Christianity must be practical or it is not true Christianity. The clergyman continues to seek with words to improve the souls of his parishioners. The novel is the conflict of these opposing evangelists.

In one respect there is a resemblance between this story and the play "Rain." Like the missionary in "Rain," the clergyman in "Hidden Lives" finds celibacy insupportable. But after reading the scores of pages devoted to his subsequent insanity, the reader is thankful to the missionary in the play for adopting suicide. That the author was attempting to show through the chaos of her protagonists' lives the need of co-operation between the two Christian types is evident from her quoting H. G. Wells's words, "Is it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts." But "Hidden Lives," although poignantly emphasizing this need, does not bring us much nearer the desired program.

THE GIRL IN THE FOG

THE GIRL IN THE FOG. By Joseph Gollomb. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

BY half-past four in the afternoon the three men, silently watching from a darkened window overlooking Fleet Street, knew that their hopes for the fog, which was settling over London, were gradually being realized." Where is there a better opening sentence for a story of mystery and crime? How can three men be more succinctly characterized? Anybody who deliberately hopes for a London fog must be a scoundrel of the deepest dye. He loves darkness because his deeds are darkness; but it must be more than that—it must be an obfuscation of the conscience and an innate blackness of the soul that makes him wish for the descent on fellow-beings of one of those semi-viscous atmospheric disturbances. Mr. Gollomb gets off well and continues well. This is infinitely better than the ordinary mystery story; the difference between the conventional story of murder, intrigue and revenge and "The Girl in the Fog" is the difference between two dimensions and three. Or, sometimes, even four; for Mr. Gollomb's story lingers around the edges of the occult.

This volume is the first of the Red and Green Mystery-Detective Series, of which the chief editor is Carolyn Wells; and its promise is exhilarating. Mr. Gollomb is a many-sided man of letters—book critic, dramatic critic, writer on Socialist theology, even occasionally a reporter. And his experiment bears out the lesson of Mr. William Archer's "Green Goddess"—that when a man of intelligence devotes his attention to a mystery story he is apt to write a mystery story not only unlike the others, but better than the others. "The Girl in the Fog" has the conventional substance—jealous energy, the lust for gold, ancient grievances and murder; countered by love and fidelity and the relentless vigilance of the law. But every episode, every detail, is out of the ordinary; and usually it is better done than in the conventional mystery story.

It is a long time since we have had so fine an assortment of villains. The book is full of villains; and the ring villain of them all—misshapen, overbred, with pink eyes, gorilla arms and shoulders, puny legs but a catlike silent walk, unable to sleep unless he can hang monkey-like from crossed beams—is one of the most infamous scoundrels this reviewer has met since Gouverneur Morris, then a young and promising writer, gave the world his peach-eating and copperhead-flinging Lord Nairn. Yet the hunchback mastermind, fascinating as he is, is not the supreme villain of the story. To betray the identity of his ultra-villainous accomplice, however, would be giving away too much of the mystery.

The action begins, in effect, with the murder of an eminent scientist during the fog, and the leaving of no clues except the fingerprints of two men—one of them the heroine's lover, the other a criminal who had been executed five days before. This is only a start. Mr. Gollomb goes on through situations which, in general outline, are substantially those of most mystery stories, yet which are invariably distinguished by some novel touch—usually the employment, in place of the conventional implements of villainy of some recondite branch of science, physical or psychic. There is a popular belief, perhaps a superstition, that detective stories are read principally by statesmen who want to rest their minds. In that case Mr. Gollomb has perhaps made a mistake, for it requires somewhat more than the minimum of intelligence to comprehend "The Girl in the Fog" than the average mystery story. Yet it has all the thrills, and one may hope that readers won't be scared away by the fact that the thrills come through novel and unfamiliar channels.

No mystery story, of course, can ever be quite so good as its beginning. The world of phenomena being less surprising than the fantasies of the human imagination, every tale of this sort must let down slightly when it is explained. But Mr. Gollomb's story lets down much less than the average, and he deftly reserves his explanations to the very last and gets through them quickly. He has also been astute enough to guard that other weak point, the heroine. In mystery novels the heroine must, of necessity, be colorless, too often dull; for she is only a symbol of persecuted Virtue. Now, when everything possible has been said for Virtue, it remains uninteresting, especially when persecuted—a mere target for criminal Vice to shoot at in vain. Mr. Gollomb has tried, with a good deal of success, to give his heroine an individuality and a share of heroic qualities. He has produced good value for the reader and an auspicious beginning for the new mystery series.

THE UNGROWN-UPS

THE UNGROWN-UPS. By "Elta" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). 382 pp. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. $2.

THIS is a romance with a machinery of "realism" almost as weighty as that which makes the wheels of "Robinson Crusoe" revolve with such fascinating precision. Its plot is as old as Romance itself, being none other than that labeled by the critics as the "Cinderella" type, and its method is as old as the novel form itself, being none other than that of the diary. Yet Mrs. Desmond Humphreys's shrewd understanding of men, women and children, her breadth of wisdom and her nice restraint triumph over the forbidding form and the ancient formula; she has produced a novel that will be interesting to grown-ups as well as to "ungrown-ups," that treats the European war as seen by an English middle-class family with refreshing candor; and with strokes light as thistledown it provides any number of occasions for the reflective reader to enjoy the exercise of those powers which have won him a place of his own among the heterogeneous crowd of novel readers.

Phillatia Hornbeam, "the girl who stayed home during the war," is the Cinderella, and her story is told by herself in her diary. All the other characters in the familiar story are there—Prince Charming, a young man of a wealthy family disguised for a time as a chauffeur, the mother who because of her butterfly soul amounts almost to a stepmother, and the jealous sisters, one of whom in this instance is a real sister, while the other is discovered under the cloak of a friend. A novel turn in the old plot is provided, however, in making the friend, Kit, one of the febrile flappers created by the nervous tensions of the war, unwittingly play the parts of "wicked sister" and fairy godmother at one and the same time; for it is Kit who, fascinated by the demure, keen, clear-minded Phillatia—so great a contrast to herself—brings about her metamorphosis, takes her to London, makes possible the meeting with Prince Charming before his last return to the trenches, and finds in the end that even the man she loves prefers the simple wiles of the little country mouse to the hectic fascinations of one who has surrendered to the temptations that overtook many young women during the war.

Nevertheless, so adroit is the craftsmanship of Mrs. Humphreys that all these well-remembered figures present fresh faces to the reader. From day to day they toil and worry, dream and fail, just as every one does, but from year to year

(Continued on Page 27)

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Horses That Win

THE MODERN RACE HORSE—CONFORMATION, BREEDING AND HEREDITY. By Lieut.-Col. P. E. Ricketts. Illustrated. 162 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

WHILE Colonel Ricketts preaches from his controversial text to an English racing world "to urge the importance of conformation in the thoroughbred horse, since in the search for 'blood' it is apt to be lost sight of," yet his remarks are also pertinent on these shores, where, since the revival of racing, the question of pace is a common obsession. But, as Colonel Ricketts in England and the lovers of the Morgan strain in America, rightly contend, many a puzzling and varied performance on the track is due to a neglect of the prime requisite of endurance, in which conformation plays so large a part. The fetich of "blood" has too often failed in a practical test. The old adage applies to horses as well as to men: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

One has merely to apply an average standard of conformation to the motley collection boasting "blood" that are successful on American courses, nearly all of which are invariably termed "surprises," to realize how much the American breeder may derive from the hortations of Colonel Ricketts and the American Arab and Morgan clubs. How few of these race horses would pass the average judge on the score of points! And this is equally true in England, where the famous Arab strain is less diluted. To use an appropriate expression as the text for Colonel Ricketts and the Morgan and Arab breeders, the modern race horse breeder faces the stark reality of "the pace that kills."

It will be argued that the race horse is bred to fulfill the sole requisite of speed. But since the requisite of endurance is quite as important as the attainment of speed by an ideal co-ordination of equine anatomy, Colonel Ricketts is still "on the side of the angels." He has by close study and an approximation of the points of famous English winners arrived at an ideal conformation in his diagram on Page 15. He has utilized the camera in his comparisons, reminding us that too many photographs are made from the wrong position—either too close, or from the hindquarters, the too obvious source of propulsion.

Colonel Ricketts sustains his ideals of beauty and utility with the desiderata that a horse should be higher at the croup than at the withers, that the length of the head should be equal to the depth of the body. These, the racing men will concede, are always acceptable. But will they win races? If "pewter" is desired, then the race horse vicariously wins it in the show ring through the hunter, which indelibly bears his stamp and which produces many remarkable 'chasers. He will contend that the race horse is not bred for action, certainly not like that extreme type, that showy hackney. And there he will find us all with him, for the exaggeration of the hackney is, first and last, the greatest injustice mankind has arbitrarily imposed on an animal whose ancestry, from the Neolithic period when he ran on toes, has symbolized grace and freedom of action.

The American breeder will find Colonel Ricketts's anatomical data on conformation continually considering the racing man's ideal of speed. In his chapter on breeding he is persuasive enough. If we breed for speed why not for conformation and endurance as well? He boldly argues for inbreeding to the best blood. Uncertainty of performance still vexes the racing man. How many a "hot one" inexplicably "blows up"? On the other hand, the racing breeder has troubles enough. He is still perplexed by mutations. No two horses from the same stud will consistently carry the stamp of either sire or dam. There are wide divergences in stamina and speed. The case for inbreeding, as with the Arab, in order to preserve an aggregate of qualities, is a common and last resort. Thus the sole and constant factor in the dilemma has been the Arab ancestry, which is still something to conjure with. The three great progenitors of the modern English race horse are the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Arab. This Eastern magic runs in the blood of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and from these three progenitors sprang famous English winners like Flying Childers, Eclipse, Herod and Matchem, whose blood, in turn, dilutes our thoroughbreds of the American race track.

This Oriental strain is also claimed for our great Morgan stock. Joseph Battell is at pains to show that Justin Morgan, the great sire in Vermont, was descended from both the Godolphin Arab and the Byerly Turk. And in the Morgan strain today breeders are rightly concerning themselves with the prime question of stamina. To console Colonel Ricketts with the fact that he is not altogether a voice crying in a wilderness of "bookies" the following protest from the Morgan Horse Breeder a decade ago is still timely:

What has caused the decline of the Morgan horse? Undoubtedly the development of the racing horse. The insane desire for very fast horses which sprang up about the time Ethan Allen and Daniel Lambert were making their world record-breaking times caused the points of conformation, style and endurance, for which the Morgan horses have been valued, to depreciate in popular interest. The great writer on the horse, D. C. Linsley, predicted in 1857 that if Morgan horses were bred for the one purpose of speed "they will lose some of their compactness, become more leggy and rangy, and lack the stamina of the true Morgan." Linsley's fears were realized. Morgan breeders crossed with the Hambletonians and George Wilkes lines in their mad desire for size and swiftness, until the true Morgan was almost hybridized away.

Colonel Ricketts concludes his interesting study with a pertinent chapter on the horse in the war. The brilliant Palestine campaign of General Allenby certainly renewed the tenure of the "white arm" in military service. And in his reminder of the continued value of cavalry Colonel Ricketts is supported by the opinion of the War Department and the Department of Agriculture, as well as private organizations like the Arab and Morgan Breeders. It is to be hoped that the annual Endurance Ride will encourage American breeders to preserve those qualities of strength and symmetry that are so ably defended by Colonel Ricketts.

W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ.

Current Magazine

(Continued from Page 20)

type of American stock company: plays in répertoire are not discarded at the end of the week, as in stock, but repeated continually, like the operas in the schedule of the Metropolitan.

The Jewish Art Theatre, then, by the very mechanics of its organization, has had the opportunity of presenting a greater variety and quantity of plays than any other legitimate producer in America. In less than five years seventy-odd productions have been given: nearly all have been American premières and more than half the number were presented for the first time on any stage. The dramatists ranged from established playwrights, like Andreyev, Asch, Gorky, Hauptmann, Hirschbein, Ibsen, Pinski, Shakespeare, Shaw, Schnitzler, Sholom Aleichem and Tolstoi, to a newcomers' list which included the poet Leivick ("Rags"), the folklorist An-ski ("Dibbuk"), the psychologist Rosenfeld ("Rivals") and the dramatic-balladist Sackler ("Yizkor").

The September Red Book contains the opening instalments of two novels, one by Rupert Hughes and the other by Owen Johnson. Mr. Hughes's story, "The Golden Ladder," records the amazing adventures of Betty Brown, a child of the pavements, who later became famous as Mme. Jumel. Owen Johnson's "Blue Blood" is a story of New York City today. The third instalment of "Fires of Ambition," by George Gibbs, also appears in this number. The short stories include "The Short Vamp," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; "The Heart of a Goof," by P. F. Wodehouse; "The Drum," by F. Britten Austin; "Sport Clothes," by Margaret Culkin Banning; "The Dreamers," by Gerald Beaumont; "The Cradle Snatcher," by Holworthy Hall; "The Slipper of Red Brocade," by W. L. George, and a crook story by Arthur Somers Roche. Among the non-fiction features are "What of My Boredom," by Angela Morgan, and "A Tale That Is Told," by Angelo Patri.

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England and the Czar

(Continued from Page 1)

when suffering the pangs of despised love, given vent to his feelings in those words?"

Or the happy medium between intolerance and tolerance in which Ferdinand of Bulgaria had attempted to visit his royal displeasure on the young diplomat, and the latter's manner of concealing the thorn of a message from the Prince of Wales in the rose leaves of diplomatic speech.

Oh, yes, the personal, intimate pages written by Sir George make very good reading, and one wishes that the same method might have been continued throughout the volumes. We are forewarned, however, in the Preface, of the significant change from the subjective to the objective method:

> I have approached the subject (the Russian revolutions) from the objective standpoint, and have endeavored, in my judgment of men and things, to play the part of an impartial observer, whose views on the great Russian tragedy may be of service to the future historian.

Before we reach those pages, however, there are two instances in which the author becomes the apologist for the British Foreign Office, although by no means for himself, as he was later on constrained to do when accused of bringing about the overthrow of Czarism and then of discouraging the projected flight of Nicholas and his family to England. The first instance is the Venezuelan controversy of 1895-99, in which Sir George served as the British agent on the arbitration tribunal; the second in the Shuster démarche in Persia in 1911-12, in which, as British Ambassador, he served as the vehicle of communication between Sir Edward Grey and M. Sazonoff, the British and Russian Foreign Secretaries respectively.

There is a popular belief in the United States that there was an American victory all along the line—from the time President Cleveland sent his message to Congress, which threatened to embroil British-American relations, until the final award, which gave Venezuela practically all the territory she had claimed and only caused her to pay a small indemnity. But the popular American belief illogically confuses matters of principle with matters of fact. The Cleveland message won on principle by insisting on the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine, which had been defied, and by forcing Lord Salisbury to arbitrate, but the material reward of Venezuela loses much of its value if analyzed, and Sir George is probably right in saying:

> Had the case been tried by an impartial court of justice that would have decided it in the light of the evidence before it the whole of the territory in dispute would in all probability have been awarded us. As it was, the boundary line fixed by the award did not entail the sacrifice of any serious British interests, though the mouth of the Barima was not left, as we had hoped, in the absolute possession of Great Britain.

Sir George's account of the sittings of the tribunal seems to be impartial, for while he ventures to remark that the British Attorney General "pulled down our house in order to show of what good bricks it had been built," he is also of the opinion that ex-President Harrison "brought the oral argument to a close with a speech which, despite its force and eloquence, failed to make any serious impression on the court."

It is perfectly proper that the British side of the affair should be thus popularly presented by a competent British witness of its closing phases. As to the Shuster affair, a matter which involved the Washington Government not at all, although the dominating figure in it was an American citizen, this is obviously a message from the British Foreign Office to the English people, whose press, at the time, was conspicuously sympathetic with Mr. Shuster, whose book on the subject was widely read and favorably commented on in England, and whose London speeches almost jeopardized the Liberal Government.

In reply to the universally believed accusation that the British Foreign Office acted as the catspaw of Czarism, the British diplomat clearly demonstrates that had his Government not acted as it did and ousted Shuster from Teheran, Russia would in all probability have attempted to subjugate Persia, which would immediately have brought the former into open conflict with Great Britain. That impasse was happily avoided, although during the World War both Petrograd and London probably deeply regretted that they had not allowed Mr. Shuster to pursue his work of regeneration in Persia even to the point of encouraging him. But on this point Sir George is naturally silent.

The part of "My Mission to Russia and Other Diplomatic Memories" which deals with Russia in the World War, the revolutions and the subsequent rise and dominance of Bolshevism is almost entirely made up of the author's communications to Downing Street. Hence, as has already been said, it represents the point of view which the British Government would like to bequeath to future historians. It is by no means dry reading. Its characterizations and observations are more literary than formal and remind one strongly of James Russell Lowell's letters to the American Secretary of State from Madrid and London. They add rhetorical emphasis, if not material, to the British case. Nicholas II. is shown to be the kindly, loyal man he has often been depicted—not the weak and uncertain tyrant, not the victim of his entourage, but, nevertheless, the victim of Czarist traditions and with no ability to grasp the political and social phenomena of his time. The Czarina, Sazonoff, Stürmer, Trepoff, Pokrowski, Kerensky, Kornilloff and others have their rôles interpreted by a satisfactory illusion of the truth, even if it is not all the truth in every detail.

In two instances Sir George Buchanan finds it necessary to defend himself, once against the charge that he was responsible for the first revolution which substituted the Provisional Government for Czarism, and once again the charge that but for him the Czar and all his family might today be safe in England. In each case he selects the same opponent—a woman, the Princess Paley, the second wife of the Grand Duke Paul, the Czar's uncle—and is thus able to preserve in the controversy all the amenities of his profession. Princess Paley's charges were launched a year ago in the Revue de Paris, and The Diplomat reproduces them in the original French text without translating. The first charge he demolishes in good-natured badinage with overwhelmingly convincing facts, and then seriously adds:

> I can forgive much to a lady who has suffered so cruelly—who has lost a husband and a most brilliant and attractive son through the Bolshevist revolution. She has my fullest sympathy. I also have had my sorrows, and what I cannot pardon is her lack of feeling in accusing my dead wife of having sans la moindre pudeur turned her back on her fallen friends. My wife never turned her back on any one who stood in need of help or sympathy. She might be alive today had she not, from the beginning of the war down to her last fatal illness, overtaxed her strength by ministering to the needs of Russians of every class of society, whether they were wounded soldiers or indigent refugees.

In reply to the second charge the author deliberately declares and calls M. Milliukoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the first Provisional Government to bear witness that the Provisional Government, not being masters in their own house, gradually receded from the idea of having the imperial family escape to England, being more and more unable to give them safe conduct as the power of the Bolsheviki increased. Sir George writes:

> Carried away by her feelings of personal animosity Princess Paley has made a deliberate misstatement. I was never charged by the King to deliver to the Emperor a telegram urging him to leave at once for England. The only telegram which his Majesty addressed to the Emperor after his abdication was one sent through General Hanbury Williams, our military representative at Headquarters, in which not a word was said about his coming to England.
>
> This telegram the Ambassador easily proves he was unable to deliver, and "I was subsequently instructed to take no further action in the matter."

This question, however, can hardly be considered as closed, for M. Milliukoff in a recent number of that same Revue de Paris, while he cordially supports The Diplomat's defense against the first charge, seriously questions his defense against the second. He writes:

> Shortly after the March (1917) conversations with me, granted by Sir George Buchanan in April (as it will be remembered that on May 2 I resigned from the Provisional Government), I asked him how matters stood with the preparations for the departure of the late Czar (I had in mind the proposed dispatch of a British cruiser to Murmansk). Sir George Buchanan replied with reserve. The British Government no longer persisted in its proposal.
>
> As known, at that time Mr. Henderson and M. Albert Thomas [the Labor delegates of respectively England and France] were already in Petrograd, ready, in case of necessity, to replace Sir George Buchanan and M. Maurice Paléologue [the French Ambassador]. Both Mr. Henderson and M. Albert Thomas personally informed me of the real object of their mission.
>
> Dating from that period the attitude of our allies toward the Soviets had changed. * * * The attitude of our allies to the plan for the conveyance of the Czar and his family to England also underwent a considerable change. Did the second Provisional Government in Russia also change its attitude in this matter? Judging from the statements made recently by M. Kerensky, and not repudiated by any one, it did not. * * *
>
> Sir George Buchanan has thought fit in his published reminiscences to pass in total silence all these important facts. It would be very desirable that Sir George should in some form or other reply to the statements made by myself and M. Kerensky—statements which, apparently, have escaped his notice.

Of course, the implication is plain: On second thoughts the Allies decided to leave the Czar and his family to their fate, being inspired thereto by radical pressure at home, and that Sir George Buchanan knows all this, but has declined to reveal it publicly. An interesting question is presented for contemplation: If the English and French Ambassadors, contrary to orders from home, had continued their efforts to rescue the Czar, would their Governments have replaced them by Mr. Henderson and M. Thomas? If not for himself, then for the honor of the Allies, Sir George should reveal his final instructions in the matter. As it is, his phrase, "I was subsequently instructed to take no further action in the matter," is susceptible of disagreeable interpretations.

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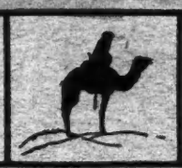

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Loti's Last Book

UN JEUNE OFFICIER PAUVRE. By Pierre Loti. 286 pp. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

PIERRE LOTI'S last work, upon which he was engaged at the time of his death, in June of this year, presents the third volume in the autobiographical series that the great impressionist had hoped to complete, from his earliest childhood to contemporary times. "Un jeune officier pauvre" is the continuation of "Prime jeunesse," which, in its turn, follows upon "Le roman d'un enfant."

The book finds Loti in his nineteenth year, a student in the Naval Training School at Brest, and leaves him at 28, Lieutenant in the French Navy. As in the case of the two preceding books, the material at hand is taken from the "journal intime" that Loti kept with scrupulous care from his earliest years on. Heading the volume there is a note by Samuel Viau, the writer's son and collaborator in collecting and arranging the material, stating that the pages to follow are but fragments of this diary, and were never intended for publication. For this reason many pages have been destroyed or omitted. Until Loti became launched upon the autobiographical enterprise, he used this material, gathered during his years of active naval service cruising from Denmark to Dakar, from the Golden Horn of Stamboul to Cape Horn, as the actual basis for his novels, from the point of view of character, as well as from that of setting and local color. Thus there are entire pages of the diary deleted, in building up "Un jeune officier pauvre," while footnotes indicate that these pages have already appeared as "Le mariage de Loti" or "Le roman d'un spahi" or "Aziyadé."

From the Naval School young Loti boarded the schoolship Jean Bart and sailed, in 1870, from Algeria to Sicily and Smyrna. Autumn of the same year finds him at Copenhagen, where the French troops enlivened the Tivoli Gardens with their celebration of the triumph of Bazaine at Toul. The part of the diary incident to the North Sea campaign of 1870-71 has, unfortunately, been lost; and the pauvre officier continues his memoirs in August of '71, with a cruise, aboard the Vaudreuil, through the Strait of Magellan, around Cape Horn and up the Pacific. Another note in the text explains the skip from October, 1871, to July, 1872, by the fact that the intervening data form the entire manuscript of "Le mariage de Loti," as well as sections of "Reflets sur la sombre route." In 1872, then, Loti, steamed into Valparaiso, aboard the frigate Flore, whither he had come from his beloved Tahiti, a visit that "realized the dreams of my childhood."

Next, he took part in a campaign in Senegal, during which he collected the precious material that was later to form "Le roman d'un spahi." The sections headed Dakar are gloomily colored by Loti's lamentations at the departure of a lovely European lady, whose name is not mentioned. He followed her to Annecy with the purpose of coming to a definite understanding with her; but the omission here of several pages of the diary and the subsequent melancholy of its writer attest the unhappy outcome of their meeting.

A sojourn at the Naval School at Joinville, from January to June of 1875, reveals Loti's state of depression resulting from this ill-starred affair, his nostalgia for the color and tumult of the Orient; and sheds a light of humanly sympathetic color upon the bohemianism of the petits officiers. The next year finds Loti making another pilgrimage to Annecy, visiting his home at Rochefort, and traveling to Toulon, where he took the part of clown and acrobat in a circus. Incident to this unexpected flight of the young ensign's, his mother writes, in May of 1876:

> It is impossible for me, dearie, to share your joy at the success you won as a circus clown. That is scarcely the sort of triumph I had dreamed of for you.

The year 1876 brings the rough draft of Loti's first novel, "Aziyadé," published some three years later, and the dismal regret of having left Stamboul and the limpid, tender, green eyes of the lovely Aziyadé herself. A turbulent, brooding Winter is spent smoking a narghilé in a room decorated and perfumed to resemble the pale blue bower overlooking the Golden Horn. There followed a long and serious sojourn at a Trappist monastery, where Loti sought to find peace in an outlet for his inherent mysticism. Then, a month later, the seething conditions in Turkey drove his pent-up malaise to the point of composing a laborious letter, in Turkish, urging Aziyadé to flee the harem and join him at Marseilles.

March of '78 records the brief statement: "Two days in Paris; telegram from Michel Lévy, the publisher," a visit relative to the publication of "Aziyadé." March to June of the same year brings a cruise of the waters off the Brittany coast, and the companionship of a sailor immortalised by the name and the novel "Mon Frère Yves." The final note of the book is one of Weltschmerz, and the return of Loti's longing for the peace of the Trappist monastery. The closing words, dated June, 1878, read:

> The calm of the cloister were better for me by far than this noisy Paris.

Viewed quite apart from the interesting facts of Loti's colorful youth, the book, composed as it is of memoirs and letters just as they were written between the years of 1870-78, stands as an admirable documentation of the artistic development of the greatest exotic romancer.

R. HEYLBUT WOLLSTEIN.

The World of Art

(Continued from Page 17)

include in his portraits something of personal significance. The elements of his design seldom were decorative only. It is a good day for him when he is able—as in the portrait of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy—to show his sitter at work. In this splendid portrait the modeling stand takes the centre of the composition. The sculptor at the right glances toward his own sitter, who is out of the picture, with a glare of concentration in which the tense mood of a professional observer is not merely suggested, is driven home to the spectator with a hundred implications of the labor sharp and hard which art is, even at its lightest.

Another side of another art is seen in the portrait of Rosita Mauri, the dancer, who stands momentarily arrested, just as she is about to pass under a risen curtain upon a brilliantly lighted stage. The treatment of the light and the light-drenched shadow is, of course, the artist's problem, but he has managed also to give in the slightly extravagant animation of the smiling face, in the conscious vivacity of the gesture, that sense of audience which becomes a part of the aspect of all public performers.

Most of his critics have somewhat insistently stressed the statement that Zorn was not a psychologist, that he dwelt with superficial appearances and paid little attention to moods or to states of the soul. Mr. Lang says of him that he "rarely went beyond the cheerful contemplation of everyday life," that he "loved the visible world and never tried to represent the impalpable or the unseen," was always a stranger in the "misty mid-region of Weir," was first and last a realist like Sorolla, like Zuloaga, never a dreamer and never sentimental. But his perception of the real was keen, and he usually read the inner life written upon the features of those whose inner life was salient. We get more of Rodin's essence from that great etching which shows him burly and dynamic than from many a photograph that places him in the sleek atmosphere of his sculpture. In the long, mild face of Anatole France, drooping and amused, we see the rooted skepticism that fights with sentimentality in the Gallic temperament. Of Strindberg he says still more with pitiless precision.

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Books and Authors

WHAT promises to be an important book on the World War is ex-Premier Asquith's "The Genesis of the War," announced by Doran for publication about the middle of September. Mr. Asquith states that he is "particularly concerned to set out the purposes and methods of British policy during the ten years which preceded the war." There are chapters on "The Encirclement of Germany," "The Development and Working of the Entente," "Naval Expansion (both of Germany and Great Britain)," &c. Of particular interest should be Mr. Asquith's estimates and characterizations of many notable people, including the former Kaiser.

"Essays in European and Oriental Literature" by Lafcadio Hearn is a selection of editorials and special articles written by Hearn when he was on the staff of The New Orleans Times-Democrat from 1882 to 1887. None of these has ever before been published in book form. There are essays on Pierre Loti, Maupassant, Flaubert, Zola and other French writers and on Buddhism and Hindu and Japanese literatures. The book, which is edited by Albert Mordell, will be published in September by Dodd, Mead.

D. H. Lawrence figures no less than four times in the list of books announced by Thomas Seltzer for publication in September. First comes a new novel, "Kangaroo," the scene of which is laid in Australia, then a new edition of "Sons and Lovers," a translation of Giovanni Verga's "Mastro-Don Gesualdo," and a book of poems entitled "Birds, Beasts and Flowers."

Early in September Doubleday, Page will publish "Animal Personalities?" by Samuel A. Derieux, who died suddenly about a year ago shortly before the publication of his first book, "Frank of Freedom Hill."

Knut Gjerset, author of "A History of the Norwegian People," tells in "A History of Iceland" the story of the colonization of Iceland, the organization of its Government, the introduction of Christianity, the colonization of Greenland by pioneers from Iceland and their voyages to the American coast. The final chapter deals with the development of the scaldic song and saga literature to which Iceland owes its widest fame. The book will be published in September by Macmillan.

It may or may not be a coincidence that Houghton Mifflin, after publishing Rafael Sabatini's novel, "Fortune's Fool," announce the early publication of the plays of Sir George Etherege, an English dramatist of the Restoration. Etherege is one of the historical persons who play prominent parts in Sabatini's story, and it is quite possible that readers who make his acquaintance as a character in fiction will be curious to see what his comedies are like.

Professor Frederic A. Ogg, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin and author of "The Governments of Europe," "The Economic Development of Europe," and other books, has returned from Europe, where he has spent five months studying political and economic conditions. He has in preparation a volume on the Governments and politics of the British Empire and a series of articles on the foundations of popular government in contemporary Europe. While abroad, Professor Ogg arranged for the addition of several titles to the Century Political Science Series, of which he is editor.

"Mountain Verities," by Zephine Humphrey, announced for immediate publication by Dutton, is the story in the guise of fiction of how the author and her husband fled to the mountains to escape the high cost of living in the years immediately following the war.

A Polish-English edition of Alberto Pecorini's "The Story of America" has just been published by the Marshall Jones Company. This is one of a series of bi-lingual texts, all based on the same book, which are being issued under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames for use in Americanization work. An Italian-English edition has also been brought out, and others are to follow.

"With the Movie Makers," by John Amid, is a story for boys of how motion pictures are made. The author takes his readers behind the scenes and shows them how actors, directors and camera men produce the thrills that afterward appear on the screen. The book will be brought out this Fall by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

"Bethesda" is the title of a novel which Moffat, Yard will publish anonymously in September. It is described as being the story of a man's struggle to regain his foothold after being swept for years on a tide of dissipation. The author is said to be an eminent member of the New York Bar.

In 1911 there appeared a book entitled "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," supposedly written by himself and edited by W. F. Mannix. After its publication doubts were expressed as to its authenticity, and when these doubts had been shown to be well founded, the book was allowed to go out of print. It is now to be reissued for what it really is, a picturesque literary fabrication. Houghton Mifflin will bring it out in September under the new title, "The Spurious Memoirs of Li Hung Chang." Ralph D. Paine has contributed an introduction sketching the career of its late editor.

"The Secret Tomb," by Maurice Le Blanc; "Missing Men," by Gaston Leroux, and "Ride Him, Cowboy," by Kenneth Perkins, are three novels announced by the Macaulay Company for publication in September.

Robert Frost, who for the last two years has held a fellowship in creative art at the University of Michigan, will return during the coming year to his old chair in the English department of Amherst College which he occupied from 1916 to 1920.

Twelve mystery stories make up Melville Davisson Post's new book, "Monsieur Jonquelle: Prefect of Police of Paris," which Appleton will bring out about the middle of September. All the stories deal with the exploits in crime detection of the central character, Monsieur Jonquelle.

"Personality of Plants" is the title of a volume to be published early in September by Lieber & Lewis. The authors are Royal Dixon and Franklin Everett Fitch, and the publisher's announcement states that they not only depict plants as living, thinking creatures, but show them forth as possessing certain unquestionably spiritual and psychic qualities which link them very closely with mankind.

Russell Doubleday's "A Year in a Yawl" and James Lane Allen's "The Kentucky Warbler" are the most recent additions to the Lambskin Library published by Doubleday, Page.

A new and enlarged edition of "Poetical Favorites — Yours and Mine" is to be issued this Fall by Bobbs-Merrill. This collection was first published twelve years ago and has had a steadily increasing sale ever since.

Two books for children are announced by the Atlantic Monthly Press for publication Sept. 1. They are "The Starlight Wonder Book" by Henry B. Bestun and "The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane" by Sarah Addington. The latter narrates the further adventures of the characters who appeared in "The Boy Who Lived in Pudding Lane."

General Castelnau of the French Army is at the head of a committee which is arranging for the erection of a statue to Jean-Henri Fabre, the distinguished French nature writer.

"The Able McLaughlins," by Margaret Wilson, announced by Harpers for publication early in September, is one of the novels submitted in the Harper Prize Novel Contest, and one of the eight selected for the final decision of the contest judges. It is a story of pioneer life in Iowa in Civil War times and centres about a family of Scotch Covenanters who are leaders in the community in which they live.

Included in Lippincott's list of September publications are five travel books: "Seeing the Middle West," by John T. Faris; "My Journey Round the World," by Alfred Viscount Northcliffe; "The Mystery Rivers of Tibet," by Captain F. Kingdon Ward; "Memories of Three Continents," by Lady Elisabeth Rosetta Glover, and "In Witch-Bound Africa," by Frank H. Melland.

A. D. F. Hamlin, Professor of the History of Architecture in Columbia University and author of "A History of Ornament: Ancient and Medieval," has written "A History of Ornament: Renaissance and Modern," which the Century Company will publish in September.

"Patuffa," by Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," is the story of a beautiful girl violinist told by a writer who is herself a skilled musician, familiar with the artist world and the musical temperament. It will be published in MidSeptember by Stokes.

It is reported that the production of Gerhart Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers," has been prohibited in Poland because of the "condition of public feeling." The same thing happened when the first attempt to stage the play in Berlin was made thirty years ago, where it was feared that it would incite the working classes to violence. "The Weavers" forms the first volume of the authorized English translations of Hauptmann's dramas published by Huebsch. Seven volumes have appeared so far, and an eighth is promised for next year.

British editions of George Jean Nathan's "The Critic and the Drama" and "The World in Falseface" are to be brought out immediately in London by John Lane.

Claude Bragdon's "Four Dimensional Vistas" (Knopf) is to be translated into Russian by Nicholas Bassarahoff, who translated Ouspensky's "Novum Organum" from Russian into English. Mr. Bragdon's "Beautiful Necessity" has already been translated into Japanese, and his "Man the Square" ("A Primer of Higher Space") has appeared in an Italian edition.

Three plays by Louis Evan Shipman, editor of "Life," will be brought out by Macmillan in September under the title "Three Comedies." The plays are "On Parole," "The Fountain of Youth" and "Fools' Errand. All of these have been produced on the professional stage.

During the month of September McBride will publish "Compromise," by Jay Gelzer, author of "The Street of a Thousand Delights"; "Those Who Return," by Maurice Level, author of "Tales of Mystery and Horror"; "Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos," by F. A. Waterhouse, and "Ashes of Vengeance," by H. B. Somerville. For the five best reviews of the last-named book the publishers will offer prizes totaling $1,000. Details and conditions of the contest will be announced later.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, editor of "The Outline of Science" and author of "Man and Nature," which Putnams will publish this Fall, recently delivered the twenty-fifth Robert Boyle lecture before the Junior Scientific Club of Oxford University.

"Mr. Arnold" is the title of a novel by Francis Lynde which Bobbs-Merrill will bring out in September. The chief character is Benedict Arnold, and the "Mr." is explained by the fact that after he turned traitor to his country Arnold was called Mr. and not General even by his British associates.

"Cat o' Mountain," by Arthur O. Friel, which will be brought out early in September by the Penn Publishing Company, is the story of the adventures of a young newspaper man among the primitive people of a wild mountain region.

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

chauffeurs become heroic-sons-of-wealthy-families-traveling-incognito, modest girls outshine their brazen sisters and become successful writers, cold wives and crusty husbands regain mutual faith, virtue is rewarded and vice is punished—just as it happens to every one? Well, perhaps. But there is nothing obvious in all this; all the changes wrought by Mrs. Humphreys are quite credible. For the whole is conceived in realism and is done in the short, choppy sentences that follow well the contour of the mind of the growing girl.

The result is a double content—a story of romantic interest and a careful and at times ironic, though never at any time inspired, picture of daily life as it was to the stay-at-homes in England during the war. The searching of souls that went on in the hearts of those at home is sternly presented. Philistia in her diary reflects all the cross-currents of emotion, and in the darkest hour of the war declares that never in the memories of those who suffered "would the Hun be forgiven." At the same time she wonders what "could be said of humanity as His creation" if all could be changed in a moment and the belligerent countries "stood marshaled before the Great Judge."

The portrait of the girl who seeks relief from overawing fate in violent stimulants—helter-skelter manners, flirtations, jazz, liquor, even "dope"—no doubt indicates the flapper of the ensuing days of peace as well as her sister of wartime. The other characters (with one exception), notably the crotchety novelist in his rôle as husband and father, are done with a deft hand. "Prince Charming," however, succeeds in being nothing more than a lay figure vaguely recalling the mechanic in "Man and Superman."

"The Ungrown-Ups" will sustain on sure wing Mrs. Humphreys's reputation as a novelist of credible, if not profound, powers.

LEM ALLEN

LEM ALLEN. By W. P. Lawson. 248 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

JUST what the publisher means by announcing "Lem Allen" as "a real Wild West story that doesn't insult the intelligence" is not easy to understand. The statement would seem to imply that we have here, for the first time in fiction, the real truth about the West. But if Mr. Lawson has told the truth, then so have the movie thrillers and the countless novels that depict life "out in the open spaces, where men are men." Mr. Lawson has used all the stock characters, the cowboy, the tenderfoot, the prospector, the bad man and pretty girls both of the West and of the East. The same general atmosphere of lawlessness prevails as in other Western novels. Prohibition has, apparently, had no more effect on the drinking habits of the West than of the East. Men gamble, fight, lie and steal as in the days of yore. Guns bark and villains bite the dust, but virtue and courage triumph in the end. Where is the difference?

Now, an author is not necessarily responsible for what the publisher or the blurb writer says about his book, but in this case Mr. Lawson is equally guilty, for he has caused his characters to make constant slurring references to Western fiction as it is usually written. In the language of salesmanship, he seems to be trying to sell his own goods by knocking the other fellow's line. Such tactics are not only unethical but they are of doubtful practical value. They often have quite the opposite effect from that which is intended. In the present instance they are wholly uncalled for. "Lem Allen" is a good enough novel to be judged on its own merits.

The story is told by Lem Allen, a cowboy temporarily serving as cook on a ranch. To this ranch comes one Allingham, a tenderfoot in search of adventure. These two strike up a friendship, and Allingham suggests that Lem become an author. The idea appeals to Lem, who is tired of his menial employment at the ranch, and the two set out in search of literary material, Lem financing the expedition with the back pay that is coming to him from the ranch. The money is divided, and Allingham promptly loses his half in a poker game. Lem, who has been drinking just enough to let his generosity take precedence over his judgment, again divides what is left of their stake, and Allingham wins back all that he has lost and a great deal more. From that time on their fortunes ebb and flow, and their adventures are as entertaining as they are varied. A beautiful Eastern girl appears on the scene and Allingham immediately loses his heart. Lem has a love affair also, but he is less impetuous than his companion. Lem's humorous comments on the experiences they pass through and on life in general will provide the reader with many a laugh. A curious feature of Lem's writing is that in describing his own speech he shows that noble disregard of the laws of spelling and grammar which is to be expected of a man in his station in life, but when he quotes Allingham he has no trouble whatever. Possibly Allingham revised the manuscript.

TIMBER TREASURE

TIMBER TREASURE. By Frank Lillie Pollock. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

BOYS in their 'teens and adventurous-spirited girls will find excellent reading in "Timber Treasure," Mr. Pollock's story of the north woods, which appeared serially in The Youth's Companion.

It is a story with all the elements that most appeal to those eager, adventure-thirsty years, and the telling is decidedly better than that of the usual boy's book.

Tom Jackson, the son of a Toronto lumber merchant, discovers, after his failure in college, the uselessness of the life he has been leading, and leaves for the northern woods to make a new start on his uncle's homestead. However, he is thrown entirely upon his own meagre resources upon his arrival in the wilderness, where he finds his uncle's home in ashes and the family gone. In desperation he attempts to camp in the old barn in the hope of reclaiming the homestead land. There follows swiftly the sudden discovery of a strange treasure within the farm, the intrigues and desperate strategy of a band of thieves, and Tom's final victory over them.

The story of his experiences in hunting and trapping, together with the native methods of curing and stretching animal skins, which he learns from a passing Indian, will be of particular interest to all boy readers.

Visit to Sir William Orpen

(Continued from Page 48)

throne, on which were carelessly thrown some old pieces of drapery. Orpen's palette, of ordinary size, was clean and held the usual number of colors.

When he returned his housekeeper preceded him, carrying a large tea tray.

"I read a lot," he said. "I'm not musical at all. Can't play; quite like jazz. I don't like grand opera, and don't pretend to like it."

Sir William is represented by six large canvases at the Royal Academy, five being portraits. A number of his pictures are hung in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, and in public and private collections in the United States.

He was born near Dublin in 1878, and started drawing in the art school of that city at the age of 11. He went to London in 1895, entered the Slade School and in 1899 won the composition prize for his drawing of Hamlet. He also began to exhibit in that year at the English Art Club. From that time up to the war he has shown there nearly eighty pictures. He became a member of the New English Art Club in 1900. In 1904 he sent his first picture to the Royal Academy. Six years later he was made an associate of that organization; he is now a full member. He is President of the International Society and President of the Royal Portrait Painters. He has never studied abroad, but says:

"I spent a long time in the Prado in Madrid soaking in Velasquez."

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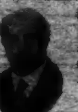
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Queries and Answers

Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

Waiting

N. C.—Will some one please tell me the name of the author and give me the complete poem of which the following is a part:

He serves me best who only stands and waits.
So patiently I strive to stand and wait,
Through all the glories of the coming years,
Wait till His hand shall ope the gate.

"Gods May Dwell"

J. B. T.—Can any reader give me the name of the author and the title of the poem in which these lines occur:

Keep the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

"Be of Good Cheer"

H. M. D.—I should like to know the source of the following expression and its correct form:

"For every problem there is a solution, and the soul's indefeasible right is to be of good cheer."

"Your Choicest Treasure"

V. R. S.—I should be grateful if you could tell me who is the author of a small poem from which I quote below:

Child, do not throw this book about;
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out.
Regard it as your choicest treasure.

"Fair Rosamund"

W. C. H.—Can any of your readers locate this poem and its author? It belongs, I think, to the Victorian poet period. The place is Woodstock and the heroine in it is Fair Rosamund.

For there was a dwelling in this sweet spot,
A tiny flower-embowered cot,
Such as was built ere the world forgot
That who heaps gold heaps sorrow, &c.

"The Gypsy's Curse"

M. A. N.—Can any of your readers tell me where I can find the poem "The Gypsy's Curse," containing these lines:

"And mean you what you say, Sir Count,
I bid you to beware."
And at his feet she humbly knelt,
And threw aside her hair.

"That Valley of Silence"

H. W. F.—Will some reader please tell me the author and from what poem these lines are incorrectly quoted:

Down to their death in that valley of silence,
Down where the treacherous fir lay at bay,
Down where the * * * took on a crimson red,
The brave Seventh on that fateful day.

"At the Garden Gate"

A. H. R.—Can you inform me where I may obtain a copy of the poem "They Met, 'Twas at the Garden Gate"?

"What Care I"

J. D. H.—Will some one please tell me the title and author and give me the poem containing these lines:

What care I for heavenly joys (or bliss),
When it means having you?

"Move the World Along"

F. T. A.—Will some one tell me the author of these lines, and also where to find them:

We cannot all be soldiers and fight the battle's din,
Nor can we all be righteous and hate the sight of sin.
For some must be poor and lowly and others proud and strong,
For it takes all kinds of people to move the world along.

"I Shall be Satisfied"

J. C. C.—Will some one tell me the complete poem from which these lines are taken:

I shall be satisfied then,
When I awake after sleep in the grave
And find thy likeness is mine
And my glory divine,
Refined by Him who has power to save.

"God's Completeness"

B. F. J.—Can you tell me the name of the poem containing the following lines, and the author:

How God's completeness flows
Around our incompleteness,
'Round our restlessness.

They Tried

E. B. H.—Can you supply me with the poem by Churchill Murray, "They Tried to Take You From Me"?

The Top of the Hill

J. R. I.—I would like to obtain a copy of a little poem which I read a few years ago, in 1920, I believe, on the cover of a little magazine called The Watchman. I quote from the poem in a few places:

If you can't be an oak on the top of the hill,
Be a shrub in the valley below * * *
We can't all be sunbeams, some have to be stars.

Thy Garden Fair

L. M. S.—Can you tell me the author's name, the title and give me the rest of the poem containing these lines:

Go make thy garden fair
and
Will see and mend his own.

ANSWERS

Where Is God?

FRANCIS BACON, Bronxville, N. Y.—The poem for which "J. B. G." asks in your issue of Aug. 19 is "Where Is God?" and the author is the Rev. Minton J. Savage. It is as follows:

"Oh! where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea;
Oh! who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

A Rich Man's Table

LUCILLE M. KEELER, Bronx, N. Y.—The poem for which "R. T." asks in your issue of Aug. 19 is "Two Glasses," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and may be found in "One Hundred Choice Selections" (No. 15), published by Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., price 40 cents; and also in Mrs. Wilcox's "Poems."

A Harp and a Trumpet

G. N. ROBINSON, N. Y.—The enclosed poem, entitled "Language," was written by Mme. Le Vert of Mobile, Ala. I am quite certain it is the one for which "J. B." asks in your issue of Aug. 19:

Greek's a harp we love to hear,
Latin is a trumpet clear;
Spanish like an organ swells,
Italian rings its silver bells;
France with many a frolic mien
Tunes its sprightly violin;
Loud the German rolls its drums
When Russia with its clashing cymbals comes.
But Britain's sons may well rejoice,
For English—'tis the human voice.

"The Revel of Life"

HELEN FULLER, New York—The poem "C. M. S." requests in your issue of Aug. 5 containing the lines:

"But for her who sleeps in your arms tonight

The revel of life is done"

is "After the Ball," by Nora Perry.

It is too long to publish, but it may be found in "Our Poetical Favorites" and "Choice Selections" (Volume 15), published by the Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 40 cents.

Other correspondents answered this query.

"Thy Brave Cheer"

A. L. JOSLIN, Oxford, Mass.—The quotation "E. G. C." asks for in your issue of July 29, "So others shall take patience, labor to their heart, &c.," may be found in Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnet on "Work." The line following and completing the thought is: "And God's grace fructify through thee to all."

"Wilkins and Dinah"

WILLIAM H. DELANEY, New York—The song, "Wilkins and Dinah," which "W. T. C." requests, is entitled "Vilkins and His Dinah," and appears in "Delaney's Song Book No. 41." It originally appeared before the Civil War, and the music of the song is still in print.

Suffer and Be Strong

LOUIS C. H. BIGGS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Replying to the request of "E. T." in your issue of Aug. 12, the poem "E. T." asks for is "Longfellow's "Light of the Stars," and the whole stanza is:

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know e'er long—
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

The Dismal Swamp

J. J. GOODWIN, Clinton, Mass.—"The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," for which "Niles" inquires in your issue of Aug. 12, is from a ballad in the miscellaneous poems in the "Poetical Works of Thomas Moore."

Joan of Arc

HELEN LOUGHREN, New York—In reply to the query of "I. R. P." in your issue of Aug. 5 the lines, "The white maid and the white horse," are from the poem by Theodore Roberts entitled "The Maid."

Calvin Merrina, Waterbury, Conn., writes that the poem is in the "Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children," page 183. The author is a Canadian writer, some time on the editorial staff of The New York Independent.

Shakespeare's Strain

E. K. WASSON, West New Brighton, S. I.—In your issue of June 10 "J. S. T." asks for the lines, "I am owner of the sphere," &c. They are by Ralph Waldo Emerson and are included in the essay on "History." I enclose the missing lines:

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars
And the solar year;
Of Cæsar's hand,
And Plato's brain;
Of Lord Christ's heart,
And Shakespeare's strain.

A Very Good World

B. B. VALLENTINE, New York—The lines quoted by "F. N. B." in your issue of Aug. 12 are attributed to John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester (1647-1680). The quatrain is in all books of English quotations, and is as follows:

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own.
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

Several readers write that the title of the verse is "The World," and may be found in "Gleaning for the Curious," on page 527, and also in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

Several other correspondents answered this query.

A Mignonette Bouquet

FRANK HOPKINS, Syracuse, N. Y.—The poem of Bret Harte sought by "W. K. P." in your issue of Aug. 12 is "A Newport Romance" and appears in volume twelve in the "Standard Library Edition" of his works, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Wrapped in the Flag

B. B. VALLENTINE, N. Y.—"Pop Goes the Weasel," about which "M. E. M." inquired in your issue of Aug. 19, is an English comic ditty, very popular in the early '50s of the last century. The opening words of the original song as sung in London in 1852-53 run thus:

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle—
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

The Eagle was a famous music hall in the City Road, London, where drinks were sold, and was one of the first of its kind. Why "pop goes the weasel" has never been satisfactorily explained, and it has been said that weasel is not the animal of that name, but a tool used by hatters, and the "pop" refers to its being pawned on a Saturday night.

Some of the English and American verses follow—all are feeble doggerel:

Queen Victoria's very sick,
Napoleon's got the measles;
Sebastopol's not taken yet—
Pop! goes the weasel.

All around the cobbler's bench
The monkey chased the weasel;
The monkey tho't 'twas all in fun—
Pop! goes the wea-sel.

As to the line preceding

Wrap me up in an American flag,
Pop goes the weasel,

they may safely be supplied according to the taste and fancy of "M. E. M." without running the risk of infringing the copyright of the author, whoever he was. A version of the song may be obtained from William W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York City.

"If"

W. T. CONKLIN, Roslyn, N. Y.—The poem quoted in part by "H. I. E." in your issue of Aug. 19 is given herewith. The author of the poem is unknown.

"THINKING."

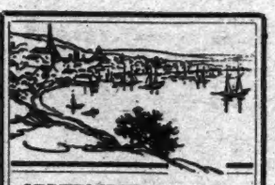
If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win but you think you can't;
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are;
We've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

There are varying opinions as to the author of this poem. Several correspondents credit it to S. W. McGill's "The Way to Win" and Albert Fenton's "The Winner." E. B. Dunham writes that the poem may be found in Edmund Vance Cooke's volume entitled "Impertinent Poems."

The Lady of the Villa

Mrs. E. K. LOSEE, Red Hook, N. Y.—The poem, "The Lady of the Villa," asked for by "F. B." in your issue of Aug. 19, may be found in "One Hundred Choice Selections" (No. 14). The title of the poem is "Magdalene; Or the Spanish Duel."

Harry Potter, Johnston, N. Y., writes that the author of the poem is P. J. Walker and may be found in "How to Speak in Public," by Grenville Kleiser (Funk & Wagnalls).



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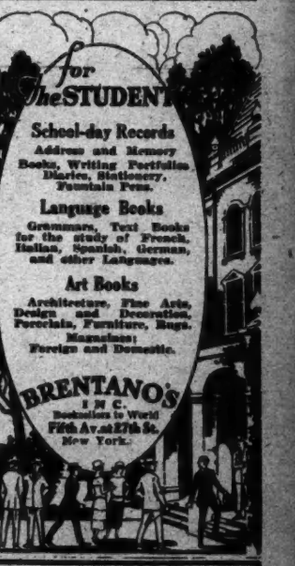

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